WIN PAUL SAMSON'S GUITAR!

November 18-December 2 1982

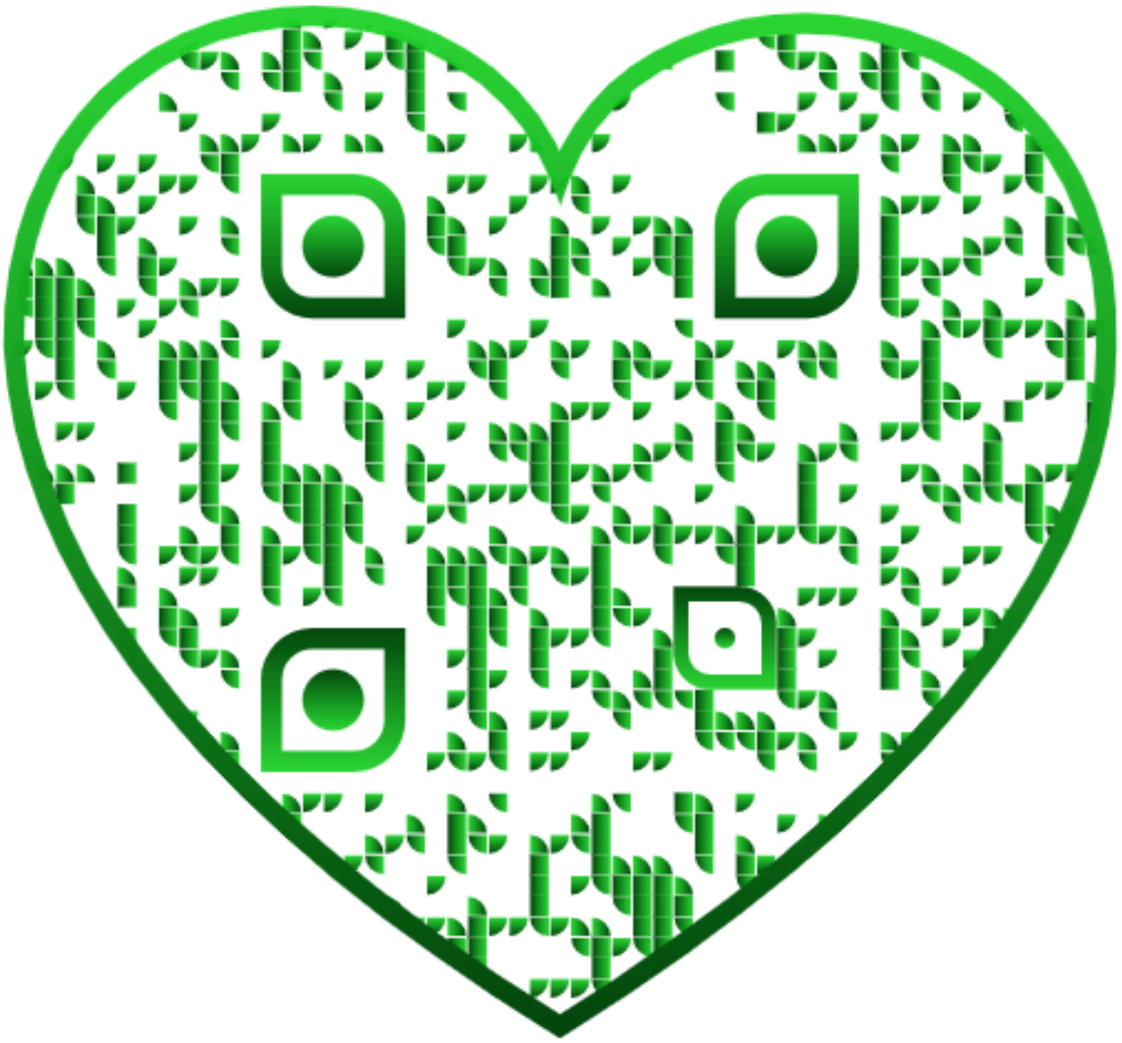
KERRANG!

No 29 60p

BUDGIE
stretch their wings!

GARY BARDEN!
VENOM!
ROCK GODDESS!
SAXON!
RAGE!
KISS!

Pic by Justin Thomas



The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

1	—	CAROLINE (LIVE) **Status Quo** Vertigo
2	20	SUBDIVISIONS **Rush** Mercury
3	—	HERE I GO AGAIN **Whitesnake** Liberty
4	1	ALL RIGHT NOW **Free** Island
5	—	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** EMI
6	14	LIFE ON THE RUN **Samson** Polydor
7	8	LONG GONE **Gillan** Virgin
8	4	AMERICAN HEARTBEAT **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
9	13	CRASH BANG WALLOP **Raven** Neat
10	2	BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE **Robert Plant** Swansong
11	—	STONE IN LOVE **Journey** CBS
12	—	CHAINS **Judas Priest** CBS
13	17	JACK AND DIANE **John Cougar** Riva
14	5	BACK TO EARTH **Magnum** Jet
15	3	ALWAYS GONNA LOVE YOU **Gary Moore** Virgin
16	—	SOLE SURVIVOR **Asia** Geffen
17	10	SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** RCA
18	—	SHOORAH SHOORAH **Bernie Torme** Kamaflage
19	—	THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT **Silverwing** Mayhem
20	6	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Diamond Head** MCA
21	9	ROCK 'N' ROLL FOREVER WILL LAST **Spider** RCA
22	18	OPENING RITUAL **Clovenhoof** Elimental
23	7	EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
24	22	STEAMIN' **Anvil** Attic
25	15	CRAZY HORSES **Tank** Kamaflage
26	12	EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
27	19	BORED WITH RUSSIA **Budgie** RCA
28	—	TWILIGHT ZONE **Golden Earring** Mercury
29	11	ONLY TIME WILL TELL **Asia** Geffen
30	16	WHO'S CRYING NOW **Journey** CBS

Compiled by MRIB

IMPORT ALBUMS

1 HUGHES AND THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard
2 FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait
3 EXECUTION **Bullet** Lark
4 TRACKS **Wrabit** MCA
5 RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR
6 IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait
7 HELLCATS MINI-LP **Hellcats** Atlantic
8 BLACK PEARL **Pat Travers** Polydor
9 IN THE MOOD FOR SOMETHING RUDE **Foghat** Bearsville
10 OPUS X **Chiliwack** Millenium

Compiled by MRIB

ALBUMS

1	12	BORROWED TIME **Diamond Head** MCA
2	3	ASSAULT ATTACK **Michael Schenker Group** Chrysalis
3	—	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT **Kiss** Casablanca
4	9	CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES **Hawkwind** RCA
5	1	CORRIDORS OF POWER **Gary Moore** Virgin
6	13	ROCK 'N' ROLL GYPSIES **Spider RCA**
7	7	DELIVER US FROM EVIL **Budgie** RCA
8	2	MAGIC **Gillan** Virgin
9	4	HUGHES AND THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard import
10	5	SINGALS **Rush** Mercury
11	6	ASIA **Asia** Geffen
12	8	ROCK IN A HARD PLACE **Aerosmith** CBS
13	11	POWER OF THE HUNTER **Tank** Kamaflage
14	10	UNDER THE BLADE **Twisted Sister** Secret
15	21	TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Elektra
16	38	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait import
17	14	BLACK TIGER **Y & T** A&M
18	20	ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
19	—	COMPLETELY FREE **Free** Island
20	—	VOLUMEN BRUTAL + LARGA VIDA AL ROCK 'N' ROLL **Baron Rojo** Kamaflage
21	15	BATTLEHYMNS **Manowar** Liberty
22	18	TWIN BARRELS BURNING **Wishbone Ash** AVM
23	17	EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
24	19	ZIPPER CATCHES SKIN **Alice Cooper** Warner Brothers
25	22	VANDENBERG **Vandenberg** Atlantic
26	27	EXECUTION **Bullet** Lark import
27	26	PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
28	25	TRACKS **Wrabit** MCA import
29	—	PLUG IT IN **Mama's Boys** Albion
30	—	RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR import
31	24	THE VERY BEST OF (RED ALERT – DIAL NINE) **Sammy Hagar** Capitol
32	16	EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
33	23	THE CAGE **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
34	33	IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait import
35	—	WORLD APART **Saga** Portrait
36	28	LIVE IN LONDON **Deep Purple** Harvest
37	29	HIGHWAY SONG – LIVE **Blackfoot** Atco
38	36	HELLCATS MINI LP **Hellcats** Atlantic import
39	—	BLACK PEARL **Pat Travers** Polydor import
40	30	TWILIGHT OF MISCHIEF **Heaven** RCA

Compiled by MRIB

LOCAL CHART

1 ONLY TIME WILL TELL **Asia** Geffen
2 WHO'S CRYING NOW **Journey** CBS
3 WHERE HAVE ALLT HE GOOD TIMES GONE **Van Halen** from the album 'Diver Down', Warner Bros
4 Bar-Room BOOGIE **Y & T** from 'Black Tiger' A & M
5 HIGHWAY SONG LIVE **Blackfoot** Atco
6 DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES **Stampede** Polydor 12"
7 JUGGERNAUT **Frank Marino** from 'Juggernaut' CBS
8 NEW WORLD MAN **Rush** Mercury
9 TO HEAVEN FROM HELL **Diamondhead** from 'Borrowed Time' MCA
10 FANTASY **Aldo Nova** from 'Aldo Nova' Epic
11 KEEP THE FIRE BURNING **REO Speedwagon** Epic
12 BACK TO EARTH **Magnum** Jet
13 ALWAYS GONNA LOVE YOU **Gary Moore** Virgin
14 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE **Judas Priest** from 'Screaming For Vengeance' CBS
15 BLIND MEN AND FOOLS **Tytan** Kamaflage
16 DYNAMITE **Scorpions** from 'blackout' Harvest
17 TIDES **Tygers Of Pan Tang** from 'The Cage' MCA
18 THAT SMELL **Lynyrd Skynyrd** from 'Gold and Platinum' MCA
19 LOSING MY GRIP **Samson** Polydor 12"
20 ANYTHING YOU WANT YOU GOT IT **April Wine** from 'Power Play' Capitol

Compiled by DJ Gaz North at the Friday/Sunday Rock Show, Grey Horse Inn, Chapel Hill, Huddersfield, Yorks

KERRANG!

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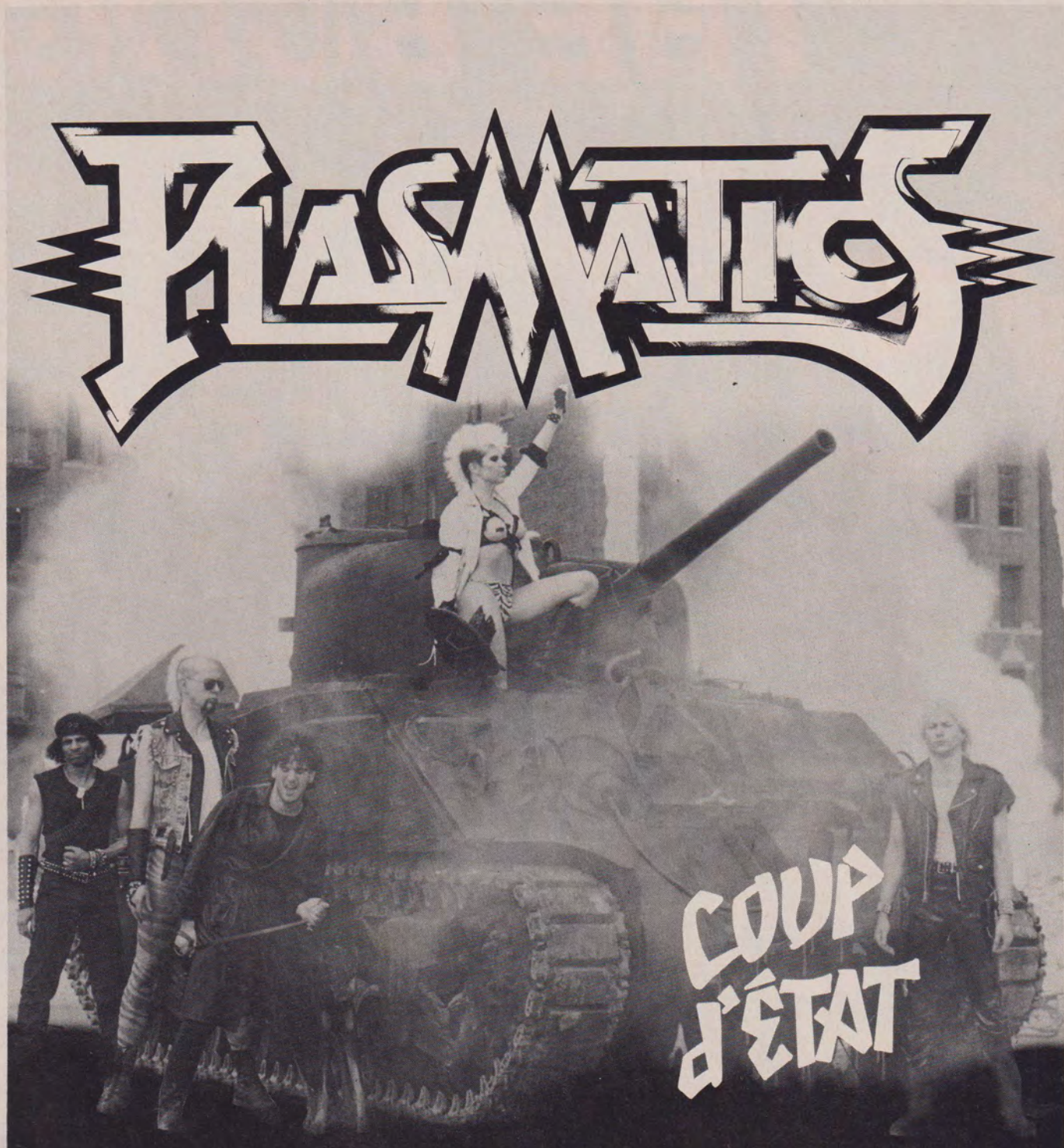

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WES BEECH – Rhythm guitars
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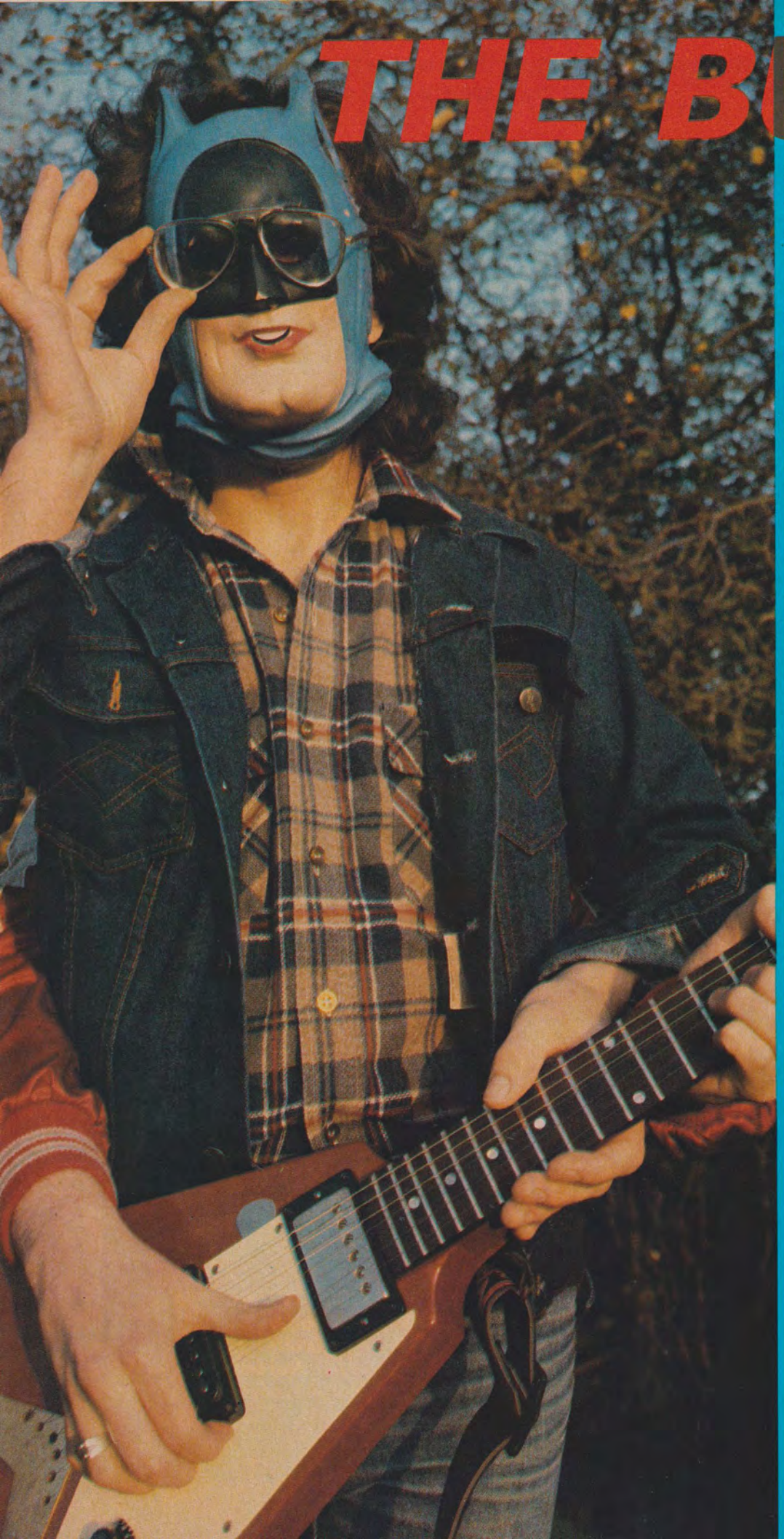
THE BUDGI



E HAS LANDED!

(l-r) Lyndsay Bridgewater, John Thomas, Steve Williams and Burke Shelley.

pix by Justin Thomas

RRRAORGHH!

Talk about Brimstone and Treacle! Hell hath no fury like a lead guitarist who has run out of watts and still can't hear himself properly. Just look at John Thomas. He's stalking and snorting and stamping round the stage like a bull in a china shop, his back bent under a cross of frustration, his face screwed up with mounting rage. John Thomas is about to explode! Rrraorghhh! ***continues over***

from previous page

Steve 'Billy' Williams looks up anxiously. Behind the drums he's playing like an airline pilot in a snowstorm, by radar and intuition and not a lot more. You can see the strain breaking out on his face as he tries in vain to make some kind of rhythmic sense out of the whirlpool of sound engulfing the stage. But it simply booms and billows and echoes maniacally from all directions at once. Steve Williams looks like all he wants to do is scream.

Only Burke Shelley seems to have the situation in hand. Little bespectacled Burke who has led Budgie onto stages all over the Western world for the best part of fifteen years – a man with a sense of purpose and a big bass guitar.

He's out there on the frontline, pouring his heart out to the microphone, oblivious to the din, and then ducking, weaving, bobbing and knee-dropping on the beat as if every movement of his body is conducting the band and keeping the whole thing inctact.

To his right the tall, pale Lindsay Bridgewater, lately of the Ozzy Osbourne band, is lost in a world of his own synthesis, pressing pre-sets and punching chords that can barely be heard in the front row.

We are in Dublin. Burke and Billy have just struck up the low, rumbling menacing crossbeat of 'N.O.R.A.D.', Thomas' guitar fires up the rockets from behind and Budgie are going for broke, trying to find the warp factor, halfway through the opening night of a new tour.

Out front the Francis Xavier hall is doing its pieces, heads banging, arms outstretched, peace signs as far as the eye can see. But up on the stage Budgie are suffering visibly. They feel jinxed.

Three times, it seems, these grafting Welshmen have crossed the seas to the Emerald Isle (most recently with the mammoth Meatloaf) and three times they've come horribly unstuck. If it's not been a broken down van then it's been a cancelled ferry.

Or else, just like tonight, they've found themselves harnessed to a homegrown PA barely loud enough to bounce the sound off the back wall. With a foldback system better suited for home hi-fi and not one of the punchiest Heavy Rock combos in the country.

It tries to make a mockery of the oldest, most gig-honed crowd-pleasers in Budgie's set – songs like 'In For The Kill' and 'Breadfan' – and a mishmash of the new material from their latest, and to many people's minds, greatest album 'Deliver Us From Evil'.

But Budgie are hardened professionals and they fight back with all the determination of the Paras at Goose Green. First the rousing shout choruses of 'Hold Onto Love', then the machine gun guitar figures of 'Give Me The Truth', the soul-wrenching, tear-stained emotion of 'Flowers In The Attic' and the criminally ignored single 'Bored With Russia'.

All lifted from the 'Deliver Us' LP and proof that against all odds Budgie's perseverance always wins through. They leave the stage with the rapturous applause a thousand fervent rock fans ringing in their ears.

"YOU KNOW, I'm sure most of those kids tonight reckon we go to some swish nightclub or jet off to LA or somewhere for a drink after a gig. I wonder what they'd make of all this?"

Burke Shelley looks glumly round the room which will be his home for the night. It's barely eight foot by ten and it was already cluttered up by two beds and a television set which doesn't work properly before Burke and Billy moved in with their suitcases spewing t shirts, jeans and cheap paperbacks. Now it's a real mess. But at least it's cleaner than a bed and breakfast in Bradford – and there is a bar downstairs to escape to. But it sure ain't the Ritz.

"You're lucky," says Burke. "This is only the first night of the tour. If you catch us in a few days time you'll find socks and underwear and all sorts hanging round the room to dry. And they won't smell so good either. That's when you know you're really on the road."

So speaks the voice of experience. If there is still anybody out there in Kerrangland who believes touring rock bands live the life of Reilly and that it's all Glamour, Girls and Getting-Out-Of-It, then there's nobody better than these Budgie boys to put you right.

Between them Burke Shelley, Steve Williams and John Thomas have spent whole lifetimes doubled up in dodgy hotel rooms, crammed into minibuses which never have enough legroom, waiting for the promoter to make with the sandwiches and finding that the support band stole all the beers. Lindsay Bridgewater did his fair share with the Madman in America too. And all for rock'n'roll. The gloss wore off that years ago.

"It's like knocking your head against a brickwall sometimes," says Steve Williams through his beard as he arranges his ten stone and then some onto the narrow hotel bed.

"It gets to be just a job much like any other. You earn your wages the same as anyone and then you have the same worries. Like your family and your kids and your mortgage and so on. The difference is that you always seem to be out on the road whenever something important happens and you're most needed at home. It doesn't surprise me that few musician's marriages last. Mine didn't and neither did Burke's.

"And it's not as if you earn a lot out of it either. I feel like I've been eating beans on toast for years. I'm sure if we ever had a big hit record I'd still be ordering beans on toast ... but with a pina colada on the side! It's only rarely that anything happens which makes it all genuinely worthwhile and exciting. Like when we went to Poland. That was unbelievable."

He was referring, of course, to Budgie's well-publicised jaunt east of the Iron Curtain during the summer. Earlier in the evening, while Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies were whipping the Dublin audience into a state of not-so-mild frenzy, Steve had kept the visitors in Budgie's dressing room quite spellbound with tales of the trip.

The highpoint had been four headlining shows in one stadium in front of almost one hundred thousand rock starved Poles and it had given the band a much needed shot in the arm. References in the local press and on TV to Budgie being 'bigger than the Beatles' tickled their sense of humour too.

But it wasn't all a holiday in the sun. The political unrest which has plagued Poland over the last eighteen months was always just round the corner. The sight of gigs patrolled by psychopathic riot police recruited from the local lunatic asylums made your average British bouncer look as sweet and obliging as your granny. Nevertheless, Budgie managed to take it all in their stride.

"I think we were all as worried as hell when we went in but they treated us very well. We're very big over there and have been for years only we never knew. LPs were banned in Poland about two years ago. Before that they used to buy lots of our albums but nobody ever told us.

"When we landed we thought we'd get hassled but instead they treated us like Superstars. I got really nervous because suddenly we had so much more to live up to. I've appeared before big audiences before but never one we'd drawn all by ourselves. And they went ape-shit too. Even the Party officials in the most expensive seats were jumping up and down with their shirts off, waving them in the air!"

BUDGIE ARE unlikely to witness comparable scenes of wild abandon on their current British tour, if only because the weather is turning cold for winter. But they'll undoubtedly get something like it for, with or without a PA worth the name, they are beginning to sparkle again like they haven't done since they were last on the brink of a breakthrough in the middle Seventies.

It's not that their ability to put on a good show has changed – that has remained Budgie's stock-in-trade since their earliest years. Rather there has been a sudden and quite drastic improvement in the quality of their material and, thanks to the inclusion of Duncan McKay's synthesizers on record (and Lindsay Bridgewater's on the road) a greater variety of flavours to their sound.

Flavours that make the band eminently commercial without detracting from their heavyweight appeal. 'Deliver Us From Evil' features an array of instantly accessible songs, bristling with the kind of hooks which claw the way into your mind.

Gone is the bluesy simplicity and the (sometimes turgid) rifferama which was the Budgie hallmark when guitarist Tony Bourge was in the band. In their place is something altogether more sophisticated and supple. But is this really as new and different as it might seem?

"Not really," says Burke Shelley who has always written the bulk of Budgie's material since day one and now shares the credits with John Thomas.

"I've always written songs like the ones on this album. But they never seemed to fit Budgie before. I've got a stack of things I've written over the years which I never took to the band because I didn't think it was their style.

"Like 'Alison'. It's a ballad I wrote for my girlfriend and if anything it's really MOR. In fact the way we've recorded it I can hear it being played on Radio 2. I only played it to Steve for a laugh but he really liked it so it ended up on the album. I've always found it easy to come up with slow songs and, in fact, if you listen to our early albums you'll

find we've always slipped in a ballad or an acoustic number or something to give the record some light and shade.

"Working with John is good too because he's not only a wonderful guitarist but he comes up with great ideas. Most of 'Flowers In The Attic' was his. He played me the picking figure at the beginning and the riff for the middle section while all I did was to tie the two together, tidy them up and find a melody to sing. I could never have written a song like that if he hadn't played me the riffs and the chords first."

Words though are exclusively Shelley's province and he has quite surpassed himself on this latest album. 'Deliver Us From Evil' is to all intents and purposes a concept album, in that the theme inherent in the title runs throughout.

But unlike the Demons and Wizards, Superheroes and Visitors From Other Worlds that seem to crop up again and again in contemporary Metalmania, Burke's songs are most decidedly earthbound and set within everyday experience.

"I know it makes me sound like some dated old hippy but I've always sung about things that matter to me. I see things happening around me that infuriate me. Everybody does that I'm sure. But where some people like to march out in the street with placards in their hands I prefer to say what I feel in my lyrics. We got songs about Disarmament and Child Abuse and things like 'Truth Drug' which is about giving certain people a shot with a drug that will stop them telling lies. Political leaders, people like that.

"I'm not claiming I've discovered things about the human race that nobody else has or that I understand things any better than anybody else. I just find it easier to sing things I feel with the sort of conviction that gets through to an audience. As I'm singing I often think like I'm talking directly to the people who need to hear what I've got to say. Someone like Galtieri or any other bigot or asshole whose messing up the world for everybody else.

"But I'm not prepared to stand up and argue points. I just state my opinion about disarmament or whatever. The last thing I want is for somebody to come back and say, 'Oh, but you need guns to fight off people who might attack you'. I don't want to get involved in arguments about things like that because I haven't got them figured out properly myself.

"All I can say is I believe you shouldn't kill people and be cruel. All the good things about the world are obvious and simple, but once politics gets into the picture then it all becomes so complicated!"

EVERYTHING has grown more complicated over the last few years and few of rock's old equations seem to balance any longer. Especially the financial ones. Budgie are out on a tour that will see them through to the beginning of December when the plan is to hitch their wagon up behind Ozzy Osbourne for his British dates.

But unless all those dates have the lucky effect of rocketing 'Deliver Us From Evil' into the Top Ten where it belongs, Budgie are unlikely to make any money out of the slog. Every corner has been cut and every saving made but costs are such that even after six weeks on the road playing to capacity crowds they'll be lucky to break even.

It's all a far cry from those wonderful days in the Seventies when, after five strengthening albums for MCA Budgie signed with A&M Records and money flowed like water. But at least Budgie are still together and bouncing with health, which is more than most of their contemporaries can say. It's been a long and hard fight back. But a satisfying one nonetheless.

"I think if we were in it purely for the money we'd have given up years ago," says Burke Shelley, sipping an overpriced pint in an overpriced hotel bar over the far side of the Irish Sea.

"But you do it all because basically you get an idea and you want to see it through. That's my motive anyway. I'm 32 now, but when I started Budgie I was 17 and really keen. I wasn't much more than a big kid, when I think about it now. When you're a kid you're bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Fifteen years later I've still got the enthusiasm, I still get ideas and hear things in my head which have to come out. It's just that the rotten side of being in a band becomes more apparent. So I suppose I'm a bit more subdued about it all now. I'm not so cocksure of myself.

"But as far as writing songs and playing to people is concerned ... it's still one hell of a buzz!"

Interview by CHAS DE WHALLEY

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"CHOC FULL OF WINNERS... INFECTED BY THE MODERN MODE OF METAL" - NOISE
"TEEMING WITH FRESH IDEAS AND NEW ANGLE APPROACHES TO BASIC HM" - SOUNDS

pic by Robert Ellis

MSG: a pardon for Barden!

LEAFING through copies of various lesser musical organs, Gary Barden turns to me and demands wearily:

"Why do all these papers continue to get my name wrong after three years?

Can you start the article with a little Liza Minelli ditto:

It's Barden with an 'n' not Bardens with an 's' Cos Bardens with an 's' goes zzz!

"Maybe that'll help 'em to remember it in future!"

Possibly, but maybe Gary should just be happy to see his name, mis-spelt or otherwise, cropping up with a great deal more regularity in the press these days, and certainly without the two tagged-on torments 'ex-MSG'.

Rock 'n' roll is often cited as the business where fairy tales can and do come true and Gary has been struck by more than one unreal event during his time with Michael Shenker.

Firstly, or course, he was plucked from the relative obscurity of the Fraser Nash Band and placed alongside one of the greatest lead guitar players in the world, which is hardly an everyday occurence. Nor was his eleventh hour recall to play Reading anything less than bizarre when one considers that he'd been asked to leave MSG by the *management* at the time – it was not a band policy.

It was during his period out of the limelight that I first met Gary, at one of London's drinking clubs, and on the many occasions I've visited him since, I've discovered an extremely likeable guy who has plenty of talent and keeps pushing.

Some of you may recall a little snippet of information on *Kerrang's* mayhem pages a few months back when it was mentioned that Gary had recorded a new number, 'Shine A Light', using Fraser Nash's drummer and ex-Wild Horses guitarist John Lockton. It's certainly an excellent song, and Gary hoped it would enable him to get a solo deal and band together, start touring and forget about former MSG activities.

This was the situation the last time I met him, on a drive up to this year's Donington Festival with fellow writer Dave Dickson and Gary's lovely girlfriend Sue, but the next occasion our paths crossed he was on the ample Reading stage, Schenker to his left, and clearly enjoying himself. It was only a matter of time before he could talk in an 'official' capacity, so here we are with 'The Official Gary Barden Interview' (chortle):

"Of course Reading was an incredible experience," he laughs. "First of all, I was sober as a judge, which was no mean feat considering all the events that had gone down in those last couple of days. And then I'd always dreamed of playing at Reading as a kid, never mind headlining the whole event!

"It was just a magical feeling to be up there and the roar of the crowd was something special – it told me that the fans were happy I was singing, and that meant a lot to me. Safe to say I enjoyed it?"

Despite managing to introduce keyboard player Andy Nye by a completely different name?

"Well, gimme a break, I'd only met the guy once before the gig! Things were so damned hectic. I only heard about the band needing me last thing on Friday night, two days before the show.

"It was my birthday and I got a call at about 11.30 in the evening from Rob Cooksey (MSG co-manager); he was obviously pretty uptight. He told me that Graham had left the group and asked if I'd do the gig – it was as blunt as that. I couldn't let the band down, cos they had no alternative, but later on they said that they'd expected me to say no, and they were fully anticipating having to pull out of the festival".

So when did Gary find out the full story behind the Graham Bonnett affair?

"That wasn't until the day of the gig, the Sunday, when I was being driven up to Reading with the resto f the band. Michael explained some of the events that had gone on and, when I thought about it, I wasn't that surprised. Most people know that Graham is an epileptic and also a rather heavy drinker and while I admire him tremendously as a singer – you should see how wide he can open his mouth and blast out his lines! – I just knew he wouldn't be right with Michael." So how was the Saturday spent? Rehearsing, presumably . . .

"Yeah, we did two hours rehearsal".

But it didn't sound like it on the night.

"No we were all very pleased that we managed to pull it off so well. It was just like old times".

Gary wasn't immediately asked to rejoin, however, so 'a certain fee' was negotiated for the Reading appearance. He *was* requested to stay on for two German festival gigs, through, these having been arranged for the first week of September. They were, apparently, a strange experience:

"The first gig in Wiesbaden was fine – no problems, but the second was in Nuremberg in the huge stadium where Hitler's rallies took place. Now *that* really freaked me, to be stood there with all that power over the kids in my hands. It was ...eerie! There were still symbols of that régime carved in the walls. I can safely say it was not one of my favourite gigs!

It was at three in the morning after that show, however, that an important phone call came through to his hotel room.

"I was in bed but the band asked me to come down to the cocktail bar because they had something to say to me. So there I was, thinking: 'oh here we go again, out of the band for a second time', but when I got down they were all there. Michael had his head lowered but Ted was grinning and it was he who finally asked if I'd consider joining again as a permanent member of the band, equal to the others in every way."

"So that's the official word. Gary, of course, accepted the offer and his voice is now back where it belongs, next to that familiar, wailing teutonic guitar sound. What was his first duty as a born-again membero f MSG?

"After Nuremberg we flew down to Munich where I met Martin Birch ('Assault Attack' producer) for the first time. He was putting the final touches to the mix so it was good to get to know both him and the album. I'd liked to have over-dubbed the vocals on it but that would have meant a huge delay on the release and, of course, a great deal more expense, which Chrysalis weren't willing to allow for. Whether it will do as well as it might have, though, is debatable, because the product is out of date in a sense."

Gary's opinion of 'Assault Attack' tallies fairly closely with my own. Namely, that while in no way a masterpiece of power metal, the double-A does contain invigorating moments, such as 'Samurai' or 'Searching For A Reason'. I still have even less than no time for Graham Bonnet's vocals but the harsh critical knocking is certainly out of order.

"The album's up there with the best in terms of production" says Gary. "And I do like a lot of the songs, but some of the numbers are just too drawn out, I think it could have done with some 'Doctor, Doctor' style straight down the line songs. It's moved up the charts from 25 to 19 so that's a good sign."

Gary has now put his vocals sown on two of the album tracks for the purpose of a promotional video. The numbers overdubbed are 'Dancer' (naturally) and 'Desert Song' and, having viewed the two versions of the former, I can reveal that it's a fairly humourous presentation, with Michael clearly enjoying himself miming to Gary's singing and a beleathered young dancer (of course) gyrating her rather delectable frame all over the screen – much to the band's amusement.

"It was done in a theatre in Hitching and the girl had a lotta bottle to get up on an empty stage with no audience to do that – but she was awful, a dancer who couldn't dance and we all fell about laughing. We did one take with her and one without, and Michael chose the one without for the UK though I believe she will appear in Europe. Lucky them!"

Lucky them and lucky us as well, bacause Gary will be undertaking the next MSG British tour, movingon to Japan after Christmas, then going straight into the studio for a new MSG album as soon as possible after that. Hopefully, with trials, traumas and indecision behind both Gary and Michael, the two of them can now get down to the matter in hand – producing class rock songs to match those on the first Michael Schenker Group album. If I know Gary, then things will work out!

HOWARD JOHNSON

pic by Michael Putland

MAYHEM!

■**Pat Benatar,** who recently released her **'Get Nervous'** LP, looks set to come across for a UK tour in January – her first British dates for almost two years. The first lady of rock'n'roll returned to the road in the States this month and her current band features a keyboard player, following the departure of guitarist **Scott Sheets** earlier this year.

Incidentally, 'Get Nervous' would appear to have been virtually boycotted by the New York Radio Stations because of Chrysalis' demand that they should not play the album straight through for fear of hometapers acquiring freebie copies of the record over the airways. They are asking the dj's to break up the tracks with the ads or station ID's and the dj's are quite simply not playing ball – result: no Pat Benatar on the all important radio.

■Get This! New on the video game market in the States is 'Journey's Escape' which has the player as a member of **Journey** attempting to get past fans, autograph-hunters, groupies etc. etc. to reach the stage on time for the gig. Sounds like fun, eh? The game retails for $34.95 and doubtless will be available here sooner than you can demolish the nearest asteroid. More hokum as and when it arrives in this office!!

■**Slade** have a new live elpee, titled **'Slade On Stage'** (imaginative huh?), released on December 3 and tying in with its emergence the band will be playing a series of Christmas dates (see 'Tour News'). The band are also releasing a studio single **'(And Now – The Waltz) C'Est La Vie'** backed with a live version of **'Merry Xmas Everybody'**.

■Sources reveal that the new **Thin Lizzy** album has now been completed, but it won't be in the shops until next February/March when a UK tour can also be anticipated. In the meantime, **Philip Lynott** is touring Europe with his solo band.

■Canadian jack-of-all-trades **Aldo Nova** was forced to cancel his recent gig in Toronto after one of his backing band was shot and injured in Texas. Nevertheless, Aldo showed up in Toronto and ended up jamming with **Coney Hatch** at the infamous Gasworks club. He's shortly due to start work on a new studio album and will hopefully come over for British dates some time in '83.

■**Tandoori Cassette,** the band formed in 1980 by guitarist **Zal Clemenson** (ex-**SAHB** and **Nazareth**) and **Barry Barlow (Jethro Tull)** have signed with the independent Ika Records label and their first vinyl output comes in the form of a single **'Angel Talk'**.

■Total mayhem was the order of the day when **Wishbone Ash** played at Ljubljana in Yugoslavia recently. Apparently, the band were so angered by the bullying tactics of the security staff that **Andy Powell** and **Trevor Bolder** leapt off stage and took on the bouncers with their axes! Powell scored well with his Flying V but his partner looked to be heading for trouble until the road crew intervened and calmed the situation.

■Hot on the trail of **Saxon,** boogie merchants **Spider** are fast establishing a reputation as tea drinkers – none of the devil's brew for these lads! Indeed, they were recently honoured by the **British Tea Council** at a special ceremony held in their honour at London's Waldorf Hotel. The band were also presented with a solid supply of Indian tea, together with tea-shirts (geddit?), kettles, mugs and other assorted herbal ephemera (No, not that kind!). Spider were clearly well chuffed with their gifts which should come in handy during their tour with **Gillan**.

■Desperate measures dept: It seems that advance ticket sales for **Joan Jett's** recent Hammersmith Odeon date were so embarrassingly poor that the promoters were forced to offer added incentives to attract the fans. Those buying tickets were given a copy of the young lass' current single and on top of that a series of TV ads were placed with London Weekend Television. Somebody must have lost a lot of money ...

■**Hughes-Thrall,** whose debut album is number one in the HM import charts, have just embarked on their first American tour supporting **Santana**. Drumming with them on the dates is Ozzy skinbeater **Tommy Aldridge,** who previously played with Pat Thrall in the **Pat Travers Band**.. Whether he will become a permanent fixture in the line-up remains to be seen though. Meanwhile an official British release date for the album has been set for January 7.

■American metal mongers **Talas** have just tied up a deal with Important Records and their debut LP is set to emerge worldwide on November 25. Titled **'Sink Your Teeth Into That'** it features some powerful tunes and also includes some amazing bass playing from **Billy Sheehan**, who had been tipped to take over from **Pete Way** in **UFO**.

■**Saxon** are currently ensconsed in

LOS ANGELE

■It's **Chipmunks** Day in L.A.! The Mayor is honouring those little furry animals with the **Bee Gees** voices, and they're even putting their little pawprints in cement so they'll be immortalised on the sidewalk of Sunset Boulevard. There's reports that America's answer to **Pinky and Perky** (no, not Mr and Mrs **Osbourne**, wash your mouths out!) will be releasing a squeaky Chipmunks Heavy Metal album as a follow-up to their successful "Chipmunk Punk" LP of last Christmass ...

■Meanwhile, down the road at the plush Roxy club, another bunch of cute furry creatures have been headlining and packing them in for two nights: **Motley Crue**, who began their "Hell's Revenge" tour in their home town. They're co-headlining up north with **Y&T** on Halloween, playing the show in masks and setting fire to **Nikki Sixx** as an encore, not to mention bringing on a fake cop and shooting him with a crossbow. Nice boys.

Incidentally, **Oui** magazine got such good response from the people who read their naughty rag over the spread they ran of the Crue, so they'll be featured in the skin-sheet's upcoming rock calendar.

Mucho MSG LPs to win!

■In the dead of night, sneaking through alleyways and dark passages, Kerrang!'s intrepid team of pilferers broke into the vaults of Chrysalis Records and purloined 26, count 'em, ooops, no someone's stolen one (own up Bonutto!!), sorry, 25 copies of the new MSG platter 'Assault Attack' for your delectation. All you have to do to win one is to answer the three questions below correctly, jot 'em down on a postcard and send it to: MSG Competition, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex.

1) Name the two bands Michael Schenker played with before going solo.
2) Who played drums on the first MSG album?
3) Name the three producers Michael has worked with as a solo artist.

■Incidentally, there was an enthusiastic gathering of the Club Headbanger Metallica (European Division) recently when well-known Arian blondy top **Michael Schenker** had the good sense to trek down to the Greyhound in London to have a wee jamlet with Spain's very wonderful **Baron Rojo**, prior to their support tour with Hawkwind.

Events went marvellously the Barons informed *Kerrang!*. Not only did Michael jam on some old blues tunes such as 'Crossroads', but he also conversed with Spain's favourite sons for a couple of hours. The climax of the conversation was when **Armando de Castro**, obviously moved by the experience of talking to the great man, offered MS his personal Flying V as a memento of the meeting. Michael, noble as ever, politely declined on the grounds of it being sacrilege to take another man's V. Good on yer!

■*Backstage at one of their recent Hammersmith Odeon shows,* **AC/DC** *were presented with a gold disc for their* **'For Those About To Rock'** *album. Our picture shows Angus and co in the delightful company of two schoolgirls (well, Atlantic Records'* **Mary Hooton** *and* **Jayne Haynes,** *actually!)...*

Atlanta, Georgia, recording their fifth studio LP with producer Jeff Glixman. Tentatively entitled 'The Power & The Glory', the band hope it will be released by early next February. And starting in January of '83, Saxon will be marching out on their first full-blown 'world tour', taking in visits to such exotic climes as the Philippines as well as the usual US/Japan/Australia romps. Expect this tour to reach Britain late next summer.

Just prior to setting off to record the new LP, the band spent two weeks rehearsing new material (including one track, 'I Watched The Sky', said to be inspired by the film 'E.T'), at the Moor Hall Hotel near Hastings, where, amongst other excesses, the boys notched up a £200 tea bill within seven days. Eat ya hearts out, Spider!

■A slight slip-up in the last issue's 'Hatchet Job', where it was stated that **Survivor** have only released two albums. The US band have in fact put out three; 'Survivor', 'Premonitions' and of course 'Eye Of The Tiger'. Incidentally, the second LP is due to be re-released shortly...

■After 2 years of legal hassles a revamped version of **Marseille** is poised once again to hit the road. Of the original 5 members three remain augmented by new vocalist Sav Pearse and guitarist Mark Hay. They join guitarist Neil Buchanan, bassist Steve Dinwoodie and drummer Keith Knowledge, who for those who don't remember were in the middle of a major American tour when their record company Mountain went into liquidation.

Now it seems, after 18 months of trying to retrieve their equipment they are about to start gigging again, beginning with a few warm up gigs at the end of November and a possible major support tour over Christmas. For the past few months the band have been busy finishing off their latest album which looks set for release early next year. Before that however the band will be putting out an EP on their own label, news of which will be given as soon as anything is finalised. As one of the leaders of the NWOBHM it is certainly good to see Marseille back on the case.

S

■Talking of pin-ups, **John Travolta's** landed the starring role in a film about the life of **Jim Morrison**. Travolta, who's a bit short-sighted, reckons he ought to have the part as he looks like the late Lizard King, adding that he's also got a bit of Jim's character in him (guess!) Meanwhile there's another Morrison movie on the way, an "official" one with the **Doors** acting as consultant.

And for those who are counting, there's going to be a TV film on old Jimbo, and a musical put together by Morrison's sister, who's already snagged cutie actor (and Jim lookalike) **David Brock** for the leading part.

■More news on dead people. There's a new paperback out all about the death of stone-dead **Brian Jones**, and to make it more fun they've hired an L.A. psychiatrist to write the thing. Only in America ... "Death of a Rolling Stone" does have some interesting pics though, as well as letters for the nosey types and conservations with **Keith Richards.**

■Suddenly it's respectable to be a **Runaway**. After getting scoffed at for years, **Joan Jett** gets the limi treatment, guitarist **Lita Ford** gets a solo record contract, and now **Cherie Currie** and **Vickie Blue** have got the record companies hovering like flies to sign them up. They've put together a five-piece band (the rest are all boys) by the name of **Currie-Blue**, and are doing some demo tapes in Hollywood. The sound is very commercial, kind of **Pat Benatar**-ish according to Vicki. Meanwhile the old Runaways catalogue has been rereleased.

■Ex **Detective** and **Silverhead** singer **Michael des Barres,** who's been wandering around like a lost soul since his failed solo career on whe awful Dreamland label, has hitched up with a part-time cover-tune bar band by the name of **Chequered Past**. An appropriate name. The other members are **Steve Jones**, the ex **Sex Pistol**; **Tony Sales**; and **Clem Burke** and **Nigel Harrison**, who are having some fun while **Blondie** falls apart. The bar band's been playing all the L.A. bars after wowing them (so they tell me) in New York.

■The **Hughes-Thrall Band** (which won the **Pat Travers** seal of approval) has been rehearsing for a tour in an LA studio, and breaking in new members **Jesse Harms** (the **John Hiatt** keyboardist hired for the road) and drummer **Tommy Aldridge** (most recently in **Ozzy Osbourne**'s outfit, and before that with Travers too).

■**Ralph Morman,** former singer with the **Joe Perry Project**, has resurfaced by the seaside in a new Malibu band called **Chameleon**. The others are **Rusty Anderson, Jimmy Volpe** (a veteran of local hard rock bands) and **Andrew Wedgbury**.

■Hey Hey we're the .... Sables??? **Mike Nesmith** of the **Monkees** (the skinny one with the wooly hat) has been checking out HM band **Sable**. Could have something to do with the fact that the guitar hero, **Christian**, is Nesmith's son.

■Let us pray. **Carlos Santana** no longer follows guru **Sri Chinmoy**. Asked what he's into nowadays he meditated a while and said: "tennis". Sounds like a raquet to us. Anyway, Carlos won't be allowing idle hands to become the devil's plaything or whatever. He's about to start on a collaboration with ex **Santana** percussionist **Michael Shrieve** (now in **Novo Combo**) and congo player **Michael Carabello.**

TOUR DATES

BERNIE TORME and the **ELECTRIC GYPSIES** have been confirmed as support on the Budgie tour and play the following dates: Hanley Victoria Hall November 18, Ayr Pavilion 21, Preston Guildhall 22, Edinburgh Playhouse 23, St. Albans Civic Hall 27, Southampton Gaumont 28, Birmingham Odeon December 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 7.

FIST have a new single out entitled 'The Wanderer' and will be promoting it at Middlesborough Cavern Club on December 3 with more dates to be confirmed.

SCHELL SHOCK will be administering care and attention to the needy at Chesterfield Birmington Tavern on November 28 and Heanor Miners Welfare December 1.

SARACEN, fave progressive rock band of portly Geoff Banks, have added a couple of dates to their November/December tour, they are; Carlisle Kreeps Club November 26 and Sheffield Polytechnic December 7.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS will be taking the long route around the country to promote their new single 'Box Hill or Bust'. Stops along the way will include Eltham Yorkshire Grey December 9 and Maidstone Tudor House 12.

TONY McPHEE will be playing gigs at Brentford Red Lion November 23 and Colchester University of Essex December 11.

ROCK GODDESS will be taking 'Heavy Metal Rock'n'Roll' to the people to coincide with the release of their first single on A&M Records. The dates are as follows: Scarborough Taboo November 25, Middlesborough Cavern 26, Glasgow Mayfair 28, Retford Porterhouse December 4, Swindon Brunel Rooms 7, Bristol Granary 9.

SLADE continue their domination of the world at Chippenham Golddiggers December 13, St. Austell Cornish Leisure World 14, Bournemouth Wintergardens 15, London Hammersmith Odeon 17 & 18, Birmingham Odeon 19 & 20.

HANOI ROCKS, "more strike force than Ronald Reagan and Arthur Scargill put together," will be headlining the London 100 club November 23 and the Marquee Club on December 1 & 8. The band hope to confirm a major recording deal by the end of these dates.

VARDIS, Wakefield Hard Rock trio, will be strutting their stuff at Withernsea Grand Pavilion on November 27 and Gravesend Woodville Halls on December 2.

KUTS!

. . . our album assassination squad

KISS
'Creatures Of The Night'
(Phonogram CANL4)

COMPARED to previous platinum projects Kiss's last album, 'The Elder', wasn't a success and the whisper came that Ace Freshley, a man well versed in right arm usage (for refreshment purposes, you understand), had followed Peter Criss' example and quit the ranks to go solo.

Speaking to Gene, Paul and Eric a few months ago, however, they were adamant that Ace was not 'ex-Kiss' simply otherwise involved with wife and child, amf that he'd helped out with the recording of both 'Killers' and 'Creatures ...', the latter described as **'Metal 'n' roll. In certain respects the heaviest album we've done."**

Certainly Ace's features grace the cover of the new LP so all would seem to be well but the guitaring contained within, though of a uniformly high quality, just doesn't match his customary style-tried'n'tested notes shuffled and reshuffled to telling effect, and may well be the work of Balance's Bob Kulick, rumoured to have assisted the band in the studio. The new 'heavier' direction, though, is not in doubt ... 'Creatures' clearly sees the ban retapping their early hungry and aggression (there's not a whiff of a concept or orchestra here), and fusing it with the class exuded on the 'Killers' cuts. "Smart Metal", is now the aim, the "smart" indicating a fresh concern with lyrical content, the "Metal" really speaking for itself, particularly in the percussion area where co-producers Simmons, Stanley and Michael James Jackson have done their best work, providing a barrage of sonic slaps that tumbpe from the speakers like falling masonry.

With numbers like 'Keep Me Comin" and 'Danger', Stanley (re)confirms his flair for melody and the passionate vocal, then takes it a step further with the album opener/title track, a taut, elegant classic, strong on commercial feel, and 'I Still Love You', a sensitive, slow-building ballad, conceived in the spirit of his solo album, that makes 'Beth' seem positively puerile.

Gene, too, puts up a fine vocal display, moving on for the most part from the standard Simmonsaid growl, but it's his ability to conjure mood and atmosphere that impresses most. On 'Saint And Sinner', for example, the rumbling, insistent bass line reflects his dominant, rock-hard persona, while 'Killer', the current single, sees him possessed of a more submissive spirit, suffering/enjoying the 'attentions' of an iron-willed, stilleto-heeled 'Mistress of deceit'. It's the old pain and pleasure syndrome explored to fast'n'furious effect, with The Demon's baying vocals straying close to the edge.

Less instantly explosive is 'Rock And Roll Hell' (featuring the writing talents of Bryan Adams), though its motivating beat, narrative lyrics and expert phrasing make it equally as effective. Altogether more in character, however, is 'War Machine', a violent collision of image and music that with its ominous, grinding riff and threatening vocal may well emerge as the natural successor to 'God Of Thunder', while 'I Love It Loud', a mountain-moving anthem complete with 'Rock Candy'-esque drum-fire, tribal chanting and welcome touches of that old 'Charisma' groan, neatly encapsulates the new power hungry approach.

On the negative side, however, the Kiss name is now becoming totally synonymous with co-founders Simmons and Stanley (Carr, who presumably plays drums, and Frehley get no name-check on the sleeve), which means that the old variety, the character of the band derived from four distinct personalities, would seem for the present anyway to be lost. Personally, I miss Ace's distinctive, often zany, compositions, but even without them it has to be conceded that in 'Creatures Of The Night', Kiss, Simmons/Stanley, call it what you will, may well have come up with the album of the year. **DANTE BONUTTO**

OZZY OSBOURNE
'Speak Of The Devil' (Jet)

WHY? I hear you ask. Why has 'Talk Of The Devil', the Ozzy camp's proposed live album tribute to Randy Rhoads (detailed in *Kerrang!* 21), suddenly become 'Speak Of The Devil' – four full sides of pensionable Sabbath material recorded at two Stateside shows with the Gillis/Sarzo/Aldridge line-up that completed the mammoth US tour?

The answer would seem to revolve around a rather grubby disagreement between Ozzy and his record company that's led to the Rhoads project being shelved (for the moment at least), and around 70 minutes worth of Sabs songs released in its stead. It's essentially a political move and one that may well cause some perturbance to veteran SB fans, dubious at beloved numbers being handled by an all-colonial crew a long way from home turf, and, though no longstanding follower of Sabbath myself (too young, y'see – honest!), I have to admit that I had misgivings too.

Old flames being notoriously hard to rekindle, I had a feeling that this consummate pillaging of the past might well result in a dated/vaguely sad set of performances ... but NO! It comes across crystal clear that the American triumverate-Brad Gillis (guitar), Rudy Sarzo (bass), Tommy Aldridge (drums) – is mmre than a match for the Iommi/Ward/Butler amalgam, particularly in the drum dept. where Aldridge, even without his solo spot, makes Bill Ward sound about as handy as the Venus de Milo.

But early Sabbath weren't about chops and paradiddles, they were about riffs, great surging guitar runs that inspired a thousand lesser bands and many parental headaches, a fact that makes Brad Gillis the key figure on the album. During my Hawaiian exchanges with the Ozz, West Coaster Gillis came in for much bad-mouthing, with both bottle and virility called into question, but he puts in a tremendous virtuoso performance here making it easy to see why Ozzy, unpredictable to a tee, has now asked him to join the ranks full-time.

What Randy Rhoads would have made of the archive anthems in these grooves is a tempting but idle speculation; suffice it to say that Gillis handles the riffs, charging, flailing or stomping, with considerable aplomb, even finding elbow-space for some subtle(!) improvisation.

'Symptom Of The Universe', the album opener, 'NIB', 'Sweet Leaf', 'Iron Man', 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath', it's all gloriously mindless stuff, music to mix cement to, with every groan, belch and scream from the Gillis guitar lovingly, graphically captured by the steel-tipped production, courtesy of Max Norman, which rewards those with armour-plated

OZZY: the madman is back

headphones and a high tolerance to pain.

On 'Fairies Wear Boots', 'War Pigs' (all 8 mins and 15 secs of it) and 'The Wizard', a song Ozzy's not performed outside his bath since 1972, the nostalgia needle does quiver rather alarmingly, but, even on these occasions, the bubbling, driving bass and rapid-fire drums, beat new life into familiar rhythms and the music's dispensed with enough flair and verve to secure its relevance. Indeed, the album's prime cuts, 'Snowblind', 'Never Say Die' and 'Children Of The Damned', come across totally without tarnish, in particular the latter where Gillis, nostrils flared and lower torso lost in dry ice (probably) pulls out all the stops and reaches a level of delerium only a spit behind the Ozz, making 'Paranoid' which follows sound positively tame.

Ozzy's voice, you'll be pleased or horrified to hear, sounds much the same as ever, punctuated now and then by ghoulish cackles and typically titanic audience asides, including a heartfelt "GO ANIMAL!", and a gumbified "THE MADMAN IS BACK!". Which just about sums it up. 'Speak has now gusumped Sabbath's 'Live Evil' album, projected for early '83, and, despite some running amok on the business side, emerged triumphantly as one of the HM albums of the year. **DANTE BONUTTO**

WITCHFINDER GENERAL
'Death Penalty'
(Heavy Metal HMR LP 8)

SHIVA
'Firedance'
(Heavy Metal HMR LP 6)

AFTER the interminable dross of recent albums from HM Records, what a relief it is to hear these two releases.

Witchfinder General are, without doubt, the best band yet to sign with this midlands label. A quartet with decidedly devilry designs, 'Death Penalty' proves just how much potential they've got. Possessing a murky, stark edge, the six tracks herein bluster and howl in time-honoured early Sabs/Angel Witch tradition. Vocalist Zeeb Parkes and axeman Phil Cope are particularly strong influences, as the band roar through a revamped version of their very first single, 'Burning A Sinner', plus the likes of the eponymous 'Witchfinder General', and the gruesome 'R.I.P'.

Indeed the only thing stopping 'DP' from really taking off is that the recordings do sound as if they were rushed through. Producer Peter Hinton, whose proven to be so adept in the past at gaining maximum effect in the studio, seems barely to scratch the surface here – a direct result, I'm sure, of the entire project being forced through in just three days.

If Witchfinder General are HMR's BEST band, then, equally, Bristolian trio Shiva are the label's boldest act. As 'Firedance' shows, this lot are perfectly prepared to go out on a limb. With its extraordinary mixture of Eastern music, psychedelia, Hendrix and Stockhausen, this is one album that deserves to be judged only after several plays. Numbers like 'Angel of Mons', 'En Cachent', and 'Wild Machine' are not readily accessible in the relatively simplistic way of, say, Witchfinder General tracks. There is a degree of experimentation and adventurism present that augers well for the band's future in a progressive rock groove.

However, it must be said that the sheer expanse of Shiva's style ultimately makes 'Firedance' a brave failure. The production, featuring Vice Squad collaborator Andy Allen twiddling the knobs, is way too shallow, whilst the band themselves (John Hall on vocals, guitars, keyboards, bassist/vocalist/keyboardsman Andy Skuse, and drummer Chris Logan) as yet lacks the necessary techniques to make this style of rock work. But, for all that, check out the band – they've a tremendous future ahead.

MALCOLM DOME

PAT TRAVERS
'Black Pearl' (Polydor)

PERHAPS I'm not alone on this one. I've stuck with Travers right the way through, adjusting slowly to his "New Age Music" whilst biting my lip and hoping for a return to the style of 'Makin' Magic' – his classic second album. There's no such turn-around here (of course!) but the good news is this is an improvement on the patchy 'Radio Active' LP his last offering. Nothing radically different but just generally stronger.

It opens rather weakly though with ' La La La Love You' which is fortunately followed by the far stronger 'I'd Rather See You Dead'. This contains some marvellously fluid guitar pushed very high up in the mix. 'Stand Up' hints at those days-gone-by but is slightly spoilt by a Springsteen-esque talk-over section. It builds well though and will doubtless transfer well to the stage.

'Who'll Take The Fall' has guitar bouncing off, rather than being buried by, the keyboards that have grown in prominence on recent P.T. records. This is only a pre-release tape so there's no clue as to who's playing what. But both the keyboards and drums are very strong ... brought well to the fore by the superb production. The album really demands to be played loud.

Side One closes with 'The Fifth' Yup ... good ole Ludwig's – ba ba ba boom/soap on a rope. It doesn't work as well as Rainbow's cover of The Ninth because P.T. plays it a little too straight. More improvisation needed. It'll make a great intro tape though!

'Misty Morning' is rather tedious reggae-rock. 'Can't Stop The Heartaches' is better with a familiar fuzzed guitar riff and an unexpected harmonica break over the Hammond sounding synth. A great solo too. It's followed by the absurdly titled 'Amgwanna Kick Boogie' – a kind of wah-wah'ed boogie-woogie instrumental. Finally back to his roots with 'Rockin". A self-explanatory title.

Pat Travers on an up again ... patience rewarded. Now if only he'd break his 32-month exile and play here once more all would be forgiven!

NEIL JEFFRIES

Jet RECORDS

OZZY OSBOURNE

Double Live Album

TALK OF THE DEVIL

JETDP 401 ⊡ JETCD 401

Talk of the Devil Tour

Fri 10 Dec St. Austell Coliseum

Sun 12 Dec NEC Birmingham

Tues 14 Dec Wembley Arena

Thurs 16 Dec Queens Hall Leeds

Sat 18 Dec Newcastle City Hall

Sun 19 Dec Glasgow Apollo

Mon 20 Dec Royal Court Theatre Liverpool

KUTS!

BITCH
'Domination Alley'
(Metal Blade Records MBR1002)

SEEKING A chance to bitch about Bitch I thought that the first track on this five track EP was going to hand it to me on a plate. Neo-Motorhead thrashing with the fabled Betsy singing flat is not the way to impress and I was all ready to consign the band to the dumper, but fortunately the full story turned out to be rather more impressive.

Betsy herself is obviously the main asset of Bitch, to the point that the sleeve of this throbbing twelve incher consists of a large shot of her freckled cleavage, retouched and doubtless touched as well. There's not much attempt to satiate female fans with a token adonis in the line up, indeed David Carruth, Mark Anthony Webb and Robby Settles couldn't wet the knickers of an incontinent juvenile between them, but Betsy sure knows where she's heading, as her lyrics to 'He's Gone' show; 'He was kissing me nice all over the face/I told him 'cut the crap and throw me all over the place'/When I broke out my whips and chains/He hopped aboard the very next train . . . I'll just have to go out and find me somebody else/Someone mean, someone crude/Someone who will beat me until I'm black and blue'. Forget the Pulitzer prize sweetie.

The Baron Hughes' House Of Whips gets a credit on the sleeve-despite the fact that the alleged whipping on 'Live For The Whip' is nothing of the sort, ditto the 'various erotic groans' credited on the lyric sheet (refer to Zappa's 'The Torture Never Stops' on 'Zoot Allures' for *real* ones).

The title track is full and threatening, although Betsy's voice lacks the snarling edge that it needs. 'He's Gone' is midpaced and messy but the lyrics make jolly reading, and the closing 'Live For The Whip' only really fails because it omits to deliver what it promises, ie Betsy getting a good thrashing and loving every minute of it. Her vocals work particularly well thanks to being double tracked, and the song itself has a little more depth than yer average HM bash, so all is not bad news.

Bitch are not, and doubtless never will be a really great band in the classic sense of the word; however Motorhead weren't and aren't either and that doesn't seem to have blunted their appeal (although I suspect severe failings in the longevity department these days). The record's good whilst not great, but Betsy's tits should make up for any shortcomings in the songwriting department for a while at least.

PAUL SUTER

SHANGHAI
'Shanghai'
(Chrysalis CHR 1389)

ESSENTIAL RULE for any enthusiastic sibling Metallite – take good note! Worthwhile Hard Rock must incorporate singalonga melodies within the basic 'Rock Out' formula. Blandola rifferama not allowed . . . no, no . . . naughty, naughty boredomsville! Relevance to Shanghai? Read on!

Shanghai's original incarnation was monikered Spider. Now affable boogieists Spider (Liverpool branch) were a might peeved at having a possible mating partner and became a touch heavy – on attitude as well as music! But what's in a name? Nothing much. More worrying is the departure from Shanghai (or Spider) of delectable keyboardist Holly Knight. Not only is her pretty face absent from the Shanghai sleeve, but she has waltzed off with much of the afore-mentioned 'singalonga melodies' and this band is left a little floundering.

'Change' from Spider's 'Between The Lines' album is a Ms Knight composition and highlights the Everest-comparable heights scaled earlier. 'Shanghai', complete with new keyboardist Beau Hill, never pulls out a truly *memorable* melody line which in turn renders all the heavy duty guitar work of Keith Lentin as redundant as Sunderland.

Saving graces are Amanda Blue's excellently original vocals (not to mention her stunning beauty!) and 'On Video', which comes somewhere close to former glories. I know this band is bloody marvellous, so what's gone wrong? Two words that are perhaps missing – Holly Knight!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MOTLEY CRUE
'Too Fast For Love'
(Elektra ELK K 52425)

SOME BRIGHT spark over at Elektra Records obviously decided that, given the extraordinary amount of publicity this band has generated simply by existing, it was about time they dumped some vinyl on an ever-eager thrill seeking public. The original tapes of this debut platter were apparently re-mixed (or re-something) by Roy Thomas Baker who has succeeded in doing justice to the image.

Sex would appear to be Motley Crue's *raison d'ettre* and the subject crops up continually throughout the tracks. Only the last number, 'On With The Show', veers from the norm and, lyrically, is by far the most interesting; a morbid tale of death and overdose.

The songs are simple in structure, bassist Nikki Sixx, who nabs most of the credits, proving himself an able pop composer. They are fast, catchy numbers, that, were Paul McCartney writing HM, he might easily come up with in his sleep. Best of the bunch is 'Merry-Go-Round' on side one, an infectious, bouncy track as forgettable as it is engaging. Vince Neil's voice tugs with a casual suggestiveness reminiscent of early David Sylvian, making this an excellent choice for a single. The musicianship too, is flashy and instantly dismissible.

In fact, what you're likely to remember most about this album is the cover; Vince Neil in 'cock-rock' pose. Good, eh?

Motley Crue are not to be taken seriously but what they offer here is tacky and decidedly pleasing to the ear. Interesting without being fascinating.

DAVE DICKSON

SAGA
In Transit
Maze ML8006

WHAMMO! Saga's live album crashes into number one spot in the *Kerrang!* import charts. Whammo! Polydor executives smite their desks and bemoan their failure to crack the band worldwide. Whammo! CBS executives punch the air, knowing that they've now got Saga under contract in Britain, and seeing that people do like the band, and in large numbers too – it's outselling most current UK releases!

The fact is, though, that CBS are releasing the year old 'World's Apart' album and will have to find a new audience for 'In Transit' – everyone who knows anything about Saga is already the owner of their best album. The audience does exist though, as the band's experiences worldwide show – in Germany this live album sold 85,000 copies in the week of release. It may seem a little premature from the British viewpoint to be releasing a live album – which is why it's not slated for UK release – but in international terms Saga are close to major league status by now.

SAGA: live album

The crowd reaction on the album clearly reflects their standing in Europe, where this was recorded. They chant, they roar, they clap along, they take over the vocals ... they *love* Saga and there seems little ground to disagree with them on the evidence of this recording – the songs are all superbly delivered and captured. It's an implicit tribute to the standard of musicianship of the band that the tracks are so immaculately close to their studio counterparts, and the presence of a couple of slight mistakes would seem to be the exceptions that prove the rule – the album seems to have been released and recorded, without overdubs.

Despite this 'next door to the studio' approach, it's still a worthy investment for old fans as well as an excellent starting point for new ones, since several songs have adopted fresh airs and graces; for example, the ageing 'Humble stance' now has a new energy, with Ian Crichton's guitar break as fluent and immensely powerful as ever. He's one of the two factors that make Saga more than just another keyboard rock band (zzzzzz); not only is he heavy and aggressive but there's also an insistent, urging rhythm section that instils the songs with energy instead of dragging a metaphorical sleeping bag behind them.

The tracks are drawn from all four Saga albums, from the already mentioned 'Humble Stance' off number one to the more recent 'No Regrets' and 'On The Loose', both subtly different from the studio class of the 'Worlds Apart' renditions, but still retaining the poignancy of the former and the rippling rush of the latter. The new track, 'A Brief Case', only turns out to be Steve Negus's drum intro to the spirited 'You're Not Alone' but all-in-all this is still a worthy addition to any record collection alleging to feature energy, melody and taste. The only problem is that mine jumps ... (are you reading this Petra?) **PAUL SUTER**

KIM CARNES
Voyeur
EMI America AML3026

COME BACK here immediately! Thank you. I knew it was going to be difficult to persuade you to listen, but this album is an even bigger shock than the unexpected quality of 'Abominog' or 'The Cage'. For so long one of the bastions of MoR in rock clothes (this is her sixth album and third label), Kim Carnes has teamed up with Val Garay again after his success with the recent Motels 'All Four One' album (it may be cool to like the Motels but this *is* a great rock record), and the result is an outstanding rock album.

With the exception of one plaintive piano ballad, 'Breakin' Away From Sanity', the songs steam along with the same exuberance that characterises the best of HR. The guitars aren't the dominant factor; instead it's a shopful of synths ruling the roost, from the booming grandeur of 'Undertow' to the lilting charm of 'Take It On The Chin', with Kim Carnes rasping vocal style breaking out into rock power instead of whimpering and pleading as of yore. 'Say You Don't Know Me' is a strutting rocker, nevertheless synth-driven with the guitar well hardnessed behind, which peaks on a magnificent hook that Kim handles perfectly, and the punching power of her delivery on 'Voyeur' may even have attracted your ears from the unlikely direction of this nation's feeble radio airwaves.

There's fun in store too; the delivery of 'The Thrill Of The Grill' is as whimsical as its lyrics and delivered with sufficient verve to stifle the cynics who don't understand that rock can be fun as well as inspiring, and 'Merc Man' is a quivering rocker with its tongue planted firmly in its cheek ('He looks across the room and spots some black stretch pants/She got legs that go clear up to the rafters/A pair of nocturnal fantasy hips').

The mix draws attention away from the guitars to the fluently melodic synth leads but the electric bite is always there, and this is most emphatically a rock album. You're having difficulty believing me I know, simply because it's Kim Carnes and you've never fancied her enough to *want* to like her (all female readers are hereby excused), but facts are facts.

PAUL SUTER

LOUDNESS
'Devil Soldier'
(Nippon Columbia AF-7123-B)

5X
'Live'
(EMI Toshiba WTP80151)

FOLLOWING IN the as yet limited tracks of Mariner and Bow Wow, Japan is beginning to turn out HM bands on the musical production lines, and these two examples recently wired themselves into the cockpit of a Zero and flew a suicide mission onto the *Kerrang* 'to be reviewed' pile.

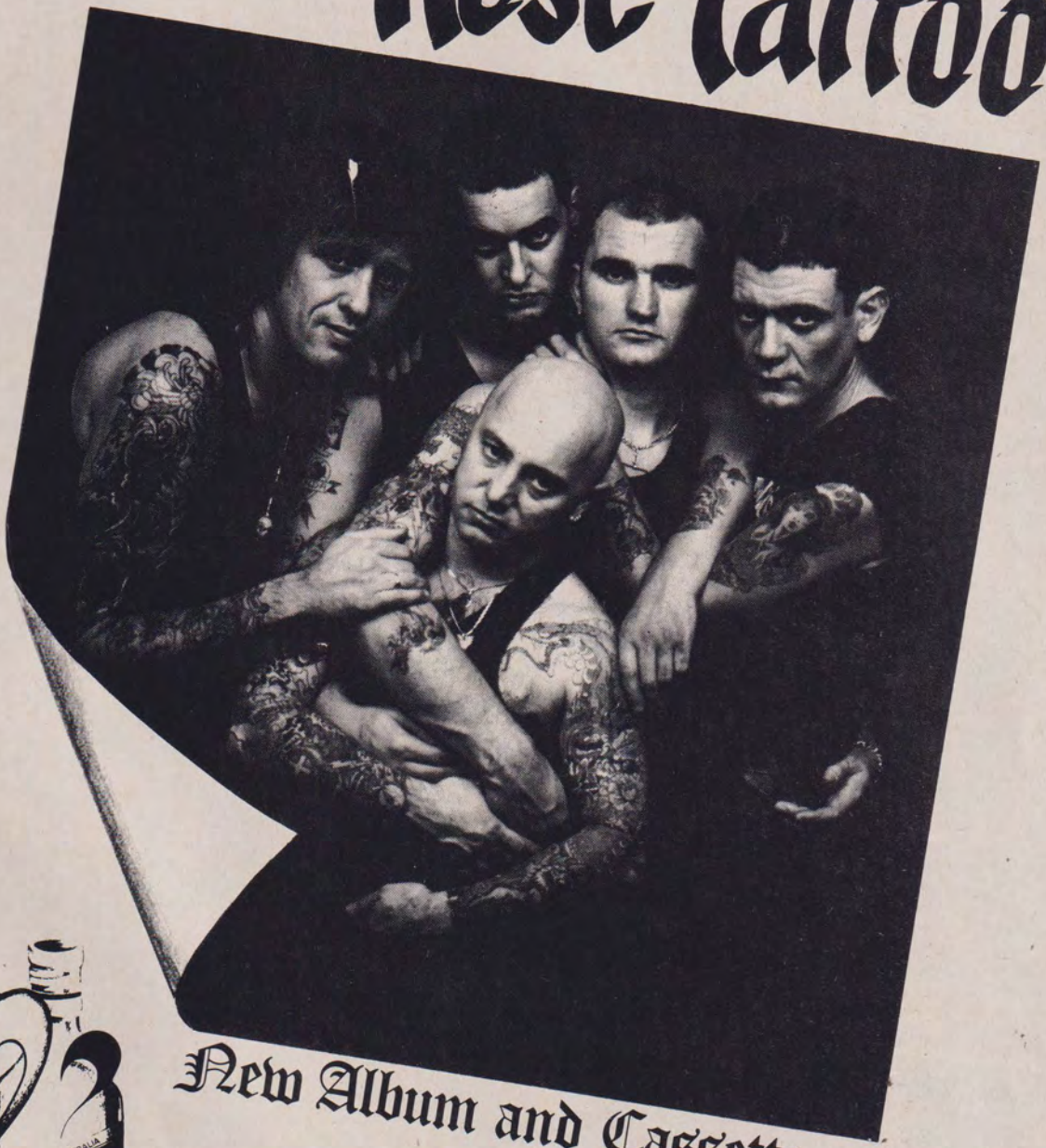
The sad fact is, you see, that there's precious little to commend them. Loudness certainly score well in the proficiency stakes, being a strong bunch of players who generate plenty of energy but ultimately fail due to a sad inability to arrange their playing into some form of coherent song structure. The delivery has a Scorpionesque verve and in places the vocalist sounds uncannily close to Klaus Meine (the voices that lost the war?) but without decent material to give the whole band a fair break one can only muse over the striking quality of the guitarist-unfortunately, 'who plays what' does not appear to be a pre-requisite on Japanese album sleeves.

On 5X we have rather more info thanks to a decent biog, no doubt something to do with guitarist (and band leader) George Azuma's alter-ego as editor of 'Music Life'. But it's a horrid little album that accompanies the biog, mostly Motorhead-ish punk/HM thrashes. 'The Lonely Rose' and 'Tokyo Rock And Rollers' suggest that there's life after punk infatuation, but this is really a gruelling album to have to sit through if you're looking for traces of invention or class.

One track 'Scandal' is delivered entirely in Japanese-since it's for domestic consumption of course it's had some unintelligible word bleeped out but it must have been really something judging by the cheer it elicits from the crowd. Sadly it must mark the peak of entertainment on this disappointing record too. Mind you, the biog has its moments – vocalist Carmen Maki is alleged to have changed her allegiance to rock music from fork music! Which conveniently obviates the need for a closing lock and loll joke. . . .

PAUL SUTER

get angry with Rose Tattoo



New Album and Cassette

Scarred For Life out now

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CARRERE

Reign of Terra!

WHEN TALENT cries out for recognition, you can almost feel the pain when it's ignored. Terraplane have been like a tightly wound spring, just waiting for the chance to unwind and lash out, and now the pent up energy of this exciting band is being tapped.

Recognition is coming fast for singer Danny Bowes and Luke Morley, his old sparring partner on guitar, and Terraplane are clawing their way out of the South London homelands and into the national consciousness.

Critics and record company men have been beating a path to the Marquee to see them in action and have come away impressed by the roaring power of Danny's soulful vocal style and the band's relentless attack. At last they're getting the gigs, the reviews and the backing they've been working towards. Terraplane are winging skyward, fortified by their mini-triumph at the Reading Festival, and encouraged by manager Robert Wace.

The man who used to manage The Kinks quickly spotted the band's appeal, in their previous incarnation as Nuthin' Fancy. He helped them become more professional, bawled them out with scathing comment, and aroused a sense of self-criticism.

I first bumped into Nuthin' Fancy in 1979 and saw them a few months later playing at the Tramshed in Woolwich. They were a nice bunch of guys and an amazingly bright, sharp band. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing their gigs at The Brecknock, The Greyhound and the and the Thomas A Beckett, even if it was difficult to convince editors that there was a band to be written about. Meanwhile, internal dissent was building up.

Eventually came a traumatic split. Drummer Chris Hussey and bassist Mac McKenzie left the band to be replaced by Gary Aitken and Nick Linden respectively. The break up caused a lot of ill feeling among loyal fans and Danny and Luke came in for some stick. But as they explained when I went to see them at their Blackheath HQ – Nick's parents' house – it was a painful decision they had to make.

Nuthin' Fancy were heavy on the glam side, wearing tight satin pants in eye boggling colours. But torn tee-shirt and jeans is good enough for the tighter, harder and louder Terraplane. One thing has stayed the same, however – the lack of money, though they remain high spirited, with a capacity for booze, jokes and riotous escapades that leaves the most seasoned journalist wrecked and shattered. There've been midnight streaks across Blackheath and pubs have barred their right to a pint, yet they command tremendous loyalty, with roadies, friends and even ex-members of the band helping out with equipment and coming along to gigs to cheer them on their way.

Their personalities bounce around each other in a complex weave that is often the hallmark of a successful group. Luke, with his fiery red hair and calm assurance, list with a smile while Danny, extrovert and full of humour, tells some tall story with the deft expertise of a music hall comedian. Gary guffaws a Max Miller to Danny's Jim Davidson. Nick shakes his head and wonders how he got involved in all this madness.

Terraplane have made endless tapes but so far have failed to come up with quite the right blockbuster to impress hard-bitten A/R men. Says Luke: "We've been very lucky and people have been nice to us and given us quite a lot of studio time. We're just hoping that the new stuff we've done will get us a deal."

We've just been through our first year together on the road as Terraplane," explains Gary. "The first nine months we spent getting to know each other and planning what we were going to do and getting the material together – in Nick's lovely bedroom. We were all knocking around doing bits and pieces to earn money. I've always had a job, but this lazy bastard Nick never does anything!"

The band did some recording at The Point, In Victoria then started their live set together. Luke: "We had a meeting and, as we were starting afresh, we decided to change the name to Terraplane. Nuthin' Fancy had become associated with pub gigs and we couldn't get any further, and since we've changed the name everything has been going really well for us."

"And the music has changed as well," says Nick. "None of the old Nothin' Fancy songs are in the set except for "Losing My Mind" and "Burning For Your Love". A lot of bands are just slung together and start gigging. We've been working at this for years."

"It's been my secret ambition to play Reading for a long time," adds Luke. "At the beginning of the year it seemed we were in for a bad time because a lot of venues were closing down. It seemed there was nowhere to play. Then Robert got us a one-off support date at The Marquee . . ."

Gary tells how they filled in with odd gigs at the Tramshed before the Marquee breakthrough: "We had a good but mixed reaction because of all the trouble over me and Nick joining from rival bands."

"They all hated us!" announces Danny suddenly.

"Yes, we weren't very popular," agrees Luke, "particularly me and Danny. But we've made up any differences now. It's a very tight scene in South London. Everybody knows everbody else. There were three bands, Nuthin' Fancy, Moon Teir and White Noize. Me and Danny sat down and decided the time had come to replan the future. We saw Nick and Gary play with the other bands, I went away for a week to think about it, came back and said to Danny; "Right, this is what I wanna do." He agreed, we did and the shit hit the fan."

There were angry remonstrations from girlfriends and a stunned silence from Nuthin' Fancy fans when the news broke the band had been cut in half. But the wounds have healed – slowly.

"We began the year with an absolutely awful support gig," recalls Luke, "playing to about three people. It was right in the middle of the tube strike. Nobody could get there. Luckily the Marquee were impressed with us and we began to get more support dates with Grand Prix and Budgie. So we got to play to a lot of people, and now we've made the transition and are headlining.

We deserve it because we've worked bloody hard."

Did Terraplane decide to move away from the glam-metal image of Nuthin' Fancy as deliberate policy? Danny:

We sat down and said: "how are we going to make ourselves a bit different from everybody else?' We thought what we were playing was different from most of the other Heavy Metal bands around. The music took care of itself, especially with Gary and Nick becoming more and more involved. And then we said: 'waht are we going to wear clothes-wise'. I was getting a bit fed up with Spandex trousers. Apart from anything else they make your balls itch. We went ON from that. Let's face it, everyone loves wearing jeans, so we thought why not wear something the kids who some to see us can identify with?

"Then we thought we'd make it a bit more exciting. Nick came home with some black and white striped trousers. He cut the legs off and stuck them on the arms of a Levi jacket he'd ripped to pieces. Put a bit of leather on the back, y'know, a bit of bondage, and he was away. "Danny pointed at the rest of the boys. "So he did it, and he did it . . . I didn't do it. Yes, I did too. Now we're a cross between The Ramones and a deckchair."

Loud laughter greets this surreal concept. Where did they get their original stage stuff?

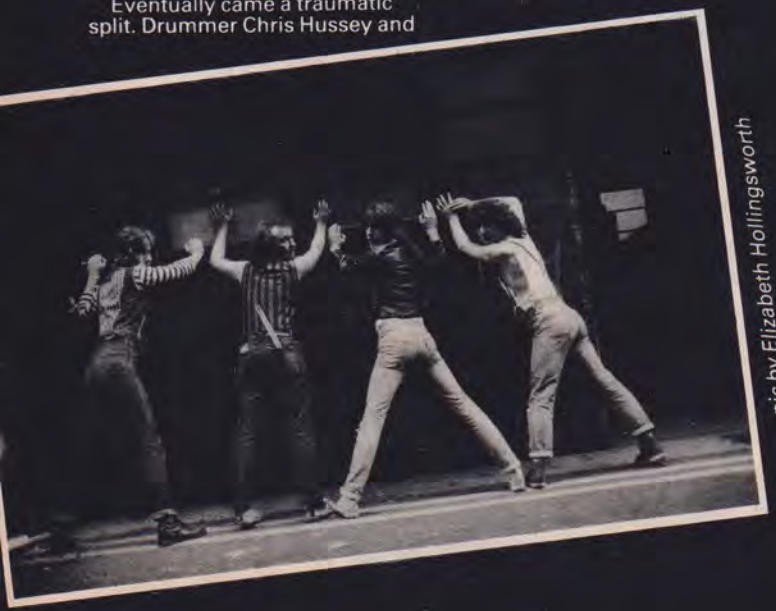
"Oh anywhere," says Luke, "*Chelsea Girl* . . . oops."

The interview is beginning to break up, especially when Danny launches into an amazing impersonation of Dee Snider of Twisted Sister giving Terraplane heavy verbal encouragment.

He gave Luke a slap on the back at Reading and said: "Hey man, that was f****** great!" Luke nearly fell on the ground. So while he was putting his shoulder back in its socket, Dee shouted, 'Great band . . .great songs . . . great singer . . . you really kicked shit man!" And Luke is hobbling about going "yeah, yeah, yeah," rubbing his shoulder."

"At Reading we didn't go out with the idea of killing anyone," says Gary. "We just wanted to let people know we are a good band who have a point to put over and are going somewhere. AND we were the only band throughout the whole weekend who didn't get anything thrown at us. Our theory was they hadn't drunk enough so they didn't want to

CHRIS WELCH



pic by Elizabeth Hollingsworth

TERRAPLANE

pic by Elizabeth Hollingsworth

Whitesnake

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DEC 27th/28th/29th **BIRMINGHAM** ODEON
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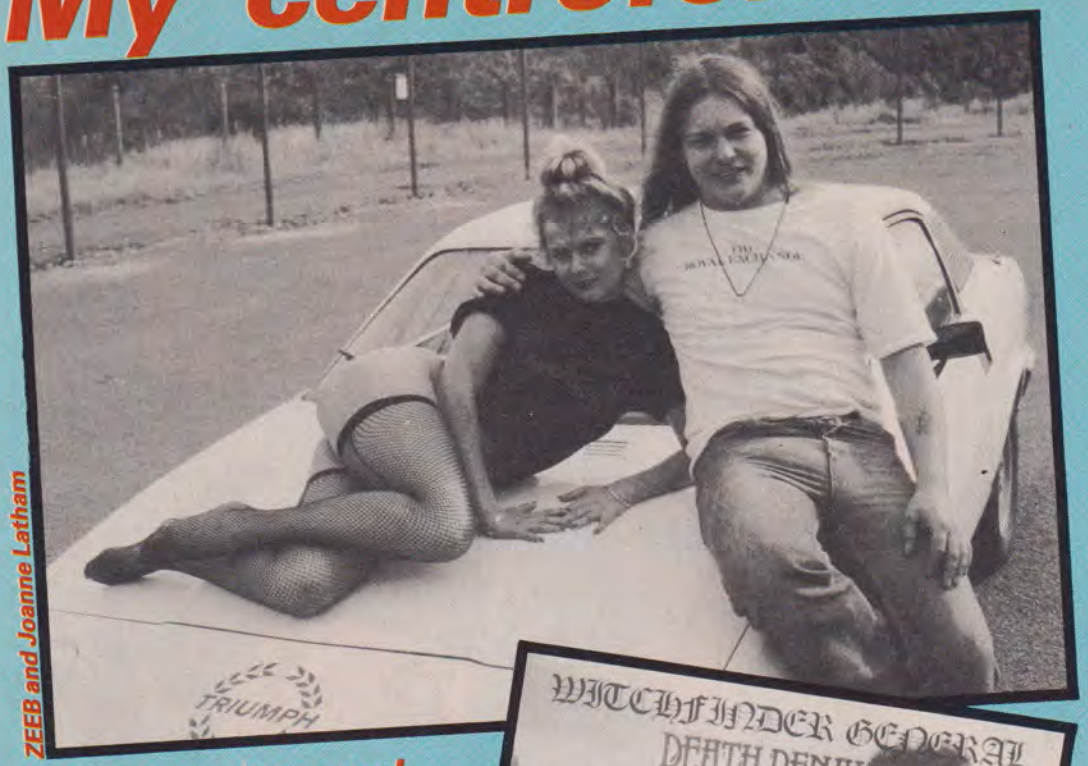
My centrefold



ZEEB and Joanne Latham

Witchfinder General and THAT album sleeve

IF VENOM are the spiritual descendents of the Marquis De Sade and Demon possess links with Dennis Wheatley, then Midlands quartet Witchfinder General have their roots buried deep within the fertile imaginings of Milton Subovsky, perhaps the greatest of all horror movie makers. For, like Subovsky, General have the capacity to invoke an atmosphere of gleeful gothic torment, whilst never losing the ability to laugh at the ultimate absurdity of it all.

Easily the best of the bands signed to Heavy Metal Records, Witchfinder General were born out of a relationship (purely musical, I hasten to add) between guitarist Phil Cope and vocalist Zeeb, as the latter explains.

"Phil was in a local club band a few years ago, playing 'Rhinestone Cowboy' and crap like that. At the time, I was just the roadie but he started asking me to write lyrics and the band happened from there."

With Cope's cousin on drums the embryonic General began gigging in early '79, acquiring bassist Toss McCready by the end of June 1980. And, with a replacement drummer in Steve Kinsell soon being drafted in, the original band gained road experience up until Christmas of that year.

At which time enter newly-formed HM Records. Anxious to acquire as much fresh Metal talent as possible, it seemed that the company would indiscriminately snap up anyone and stick 'em in a cheapo studio but, fortunately, Witchfinder General proved an inspired signing and early last year came the first single offering from the lads. Entitled 'Burning A Sinner' (known to some wags as 'Burning A Singer'!), it displayed a nice Sabs-influenced primitivism although, with the advantage of hindsight, Zeeb doesn't regard it as an auspicious debut.

"It was diabolical. We must take much of the blame for it, cos our inexperience in the studio came through. What made it even worse, though, was that something went wrong during the cutting of the record and the bass lines were all distorted. And the studio itself (Ginger) were also partly at fault, a fact they conceded by allowing us some free time as a way of making up for it."

This extra studio opportunity allowed the band to cut 'Rabies' (which appeared on the compilation LP 'Heavy Metal Heroes' last year) plus the tracks on the recently-released 12" EP 'Soviet Invasion'.

"They weren't very good either," confesses Zeeb. "At best I'd say the numbers came out only slightly better than 'Burning A Sinner'."

Personally, I rather think the band's opinion of these releases is a little too harsh. Whilst not masterpieces, they do indicate that Witchfinder General have what it takes to make an impact. Obviously Heavy Metal Records agreed with this hypothesis, cos when it came to laying down the first General LP last May, the label hired the none-too cheap services of producer Peter Hinton, of Saxon fame, and the results seem much more to everyone's liking.

"It only took us three days to record the whole thing, but it's come out so much stronger than anything we've previously done," enthuses Zeeb.

THREE DAYS?! Now, that makes even Van Halen seem positively slothful in the studio. And it's all the more remarkable when you consider that the band were forced to use a session drummer, plus a relatively new bassist in Rod 'Corks' Hawks.

"Toss and Steve wouldn't sign a contract with us, they put their full-time jobs before the band, so we politely asked 'em to leave."

Just to bring the personnel situation up to date, I should just add that General do now have a permanent skinsman in Graham ditchfield, whose only been with em for two months ("he's still learning the set").

But, will this album (called 'Death Penalty') provide Witchfinder General with any sort of success? Certainly, HMR's track record to date doesn't lead one to expect much in the way of mega-sales. However ... this time, the company seem to be mounting a determined campaign and really getting behind the group.

Not only will this LP be issued in both blood red vinyl and as a pic disc, but the sleeve is bound to attract interest as it features a virtually nude Joanne Latham (one of the top 'Page Three' models) lying across a gravestone, with the group standing over her, dressed as Cromwellian-period judges.

Those of you who remember the classic Vincent Price film that inspired the band's choice of name, will need no explanation of the symbolism here but, in case you are confused, let me just say that in Puritan England the Witchfinder General was an official appointed to root out the practice of black magic, supposedly prevalent at the time. Any suspected 'witches' were invariably condemned, with scarcely a chance to defend themselves, to a painful death.

Having a nubile body reclining in a titillating manner on the LP cover is guaranteed to get Witchfinder General tremendous gutter-media coverage (already the *News Of The World* has picked up on it) and may even lead to a ban on the album

Fortunately, though, Zeeb & co seem to have their heads screwed on the right way and don't sound as if they're about to get carried away by this cheap bid for pseudo-notoriety.

"We all regard Witchfinder General as fun, but it's also a very serious project. Each one of us has had to make great sacrifices (groan!) to get even this far and we're determined to go the whole way if it's at all possible."

And, if the publicity campaign doesn't bury 'em first, HM fans should have the opportunity (apart from 'Death Penalty') to get to grips with the Generals before the year is out. A track is due to turn up soon in such company as Pallas, Lionheart, Mendes Prey and No Quarter on the compilation LP 'Heavy Metal Heroes Vol II', and there's every chance that the lads will be appearing on a major tour in the near future.

MALCOLM DOME

BIFF (SAXON)

"THE BIKE is a Gold-Wing Interstate, with a top speed of 115mph (approx) and weighing 800lbs. It's been highly customised. For example, the touring boxes on the side have the eagle logo from the 'Wheels Of Steel" album. On the tank is the police badge from 'Strong Arm . . .' and the back photo from 'Denim & Leather' is also reproduced on the bike. These motifs were all airbrushed on. There's also a 22-carat gold leaf coach line all over, plus various specialised American parts, including a chrome trim.

"The whole thing has been done up to US specifications and is what the Yanks call a 'Dresser'. And, I'm not finished yet. I constantly add to it and the bike is now worth about £4,500!"

pics by Ray Palmer

WILD HORSES

Can't drag NEIL JEFFRIES away from Stampede

IN A rehearsal studio under a railwayarch in the depths of darkest Putney, Stampede are ending their first day of a two-week stint writing songs for an album to be recorded in December. The plan is to come up with about 15 tracks then choose nine to take into the studio proper. One number had apparently gelled already but, as singer Reuben Archer explained, the task varied. Some songs would come together in just a matter of minutes, others would need hours, maybe days, or work.

After the gear's been cleared away we set off in search of a watering hole. Making our way past herds of wildebeest and zebra, we finally settle down under a shady baobab tree away from the tse-tse flies (er . . . alright then . . . Putney's not really like that).

Polydor, it transpires, are about to release an album of live stampede performances culled from their Summer festival appearances at Reading and Mildenhall. All well and good, but as this is the band's first album release I suggest the move rather strange. Drummer Eddie Parsons is quick to speak: "It isn't our debut LP!" And Laurence Archer (the guy responsible for the excellent guitar work etched into its grooves) backs him up: "We don't really look upon it as an album – it's just a collection of live songs. We would have preferred to call it an EP."

It seems the album/EP is only coming out as a stop-gap to compensate for the lack of recent live work. Doubtless the Stampede name is familiar but, aside from Reading, they've been denied on-stage exposure.

Reuben: "The thing is we've done it all back-to-front. The record company signed us because they liked the songs. We haven't been touring and touring and touring, building up a huge following . . . we've got to put something out that can help us get that."

Support slots with Joan Jett and Michael Schenker have both been blown out at the last minute for seemingly trivial reasons, to still they're having to sit tight, waiting . . . the frustration is easy to see.

Laurence: "There's nothing we want more than to get out and play gigs."

I suggest the club circuit but the familiar cash-flow problem arises. Laurence, again, explains: "We'd want to do it properly – with a full lighting rig and a big PA and that would cost an incredible amount of money."

Reuben: "On a tour of say 20 dates, all clubs, we'd probably get to about 2,500 people but we could do that in one night at a major gig. I don't think you can say enough about bands like Spider – they've really grafted. But they're a different type of band . . . I think they're gonna be huge but it's a different market."

Hmmm. Thank-you Mr Bond. He's been conspicuously quiet up to this point but, with glass refilled, I press him about his plans to play keyboards on stage, in addition to his bass and Taurus pedals.

Reuben: "He won't be part of the band, though."

pic by Justin Thomas

STAMPEDE did once have a keyboard player but have never looked for a replacement. The problem, according to Reuben, was that he had to play all the time instead of just adding extra colour when needed. With no slight intended, he goes on to say that this continuous presence tended to make everything sound a little messy. "We want to enhance the sound not engulf it."

Colin: "Obviously I'd have to sto playing bass momentarily but I could fill in with bass pedals . . . we'll sort something out."

Many reviewers, myself included, have made comparisons between Stampede and UFO. How do they feel about this?

Laurence: "We don't really want any comparisons. Most of us like UFO – myself mainly for Schenker. . . ."

Eddie: "But the thing is most rock bands like UFO. I think the comparison is mainly due to this guy." (Points at Reuben.)

Laurence: "Right at the beginning there was this thing about Reuben sounding like Phil Mogg."

Reuben: "It just so happens that I phrase things the way he does . . . but there's NO WAY I go out to rip he guy off . . . I can't help it!"

But what of the songs. All those that have seen them will know what great material they write. Their first release was 'Days Of Wine And Roses', a punchy little number demonstrating the more commercial side of their repertoire, which did particularly well for a rock single, gaining daytime airplay on Radio One over a period of five weeks. No mean feat for a song that wasn't even in the set because they didn't think it would work live. It's now featured and works very well.

Laurence: "The way we do it live is a lot rockier – we don't use the keyboards (!). But it's probably no heavier because the melody is still there."

In a way this sums up Stampede's approach to rock music – classy writing and strong presentation.

Eddie: "We're strong, we're powerful, we're loud and we bang it out! But we're not Heavy Metal like say Judas Priest."

Reuben: "The thing is everything gets put into these bloody boxes!"

Laurence: "We try to achieve energy and melody so we don't get channelled into any JP kind of image. With us, what's important first of all is getting this really BIG sound with lots of melody, the rest is up to the people! I don't think Stampede will ever be known for one particular kind of song."

Reuben: "If you listen to the Russ Ballard songs that Rainbow etc have done, you'll notice that it's in the gaps between the riffs that the melody lies. That's the difference between a heavy rock band and a Heavy Metal band."

Exactly. But if you're still uncertain look out for the band's live package and get yourself a ticket for a soon-cum big-name tour . . . I can't say which but it would seem that Stampede are at last going to take their musical message into the nation's concert halls. . . .

NEIL JEFFREIS

KILLOWATT!

The page that gets into gear

YOU MAY think the T-shirt stand only clutters up the foyer. But as Paul Raxworthy from the Iron Maiden camp tells Chas de Whalley, merchandising can generate a lot of cash. And cause a lot of problems.

THE SHIRT ON YOUR BACK!

"PEOPLE HAVE been selling T-shirts and badges at gigs for years but I think it's only recently, as record sales have gone down right across the board, that they've started to look at merchandising more seriously.

"Everybody's heard the tales about Kiss in the States. At one time just about anything you can imagine was available with the Kiss logo on it – from bubblegum to soap – and at the height of their success they were supposed to be making more money from merchandising than from record sales. Even now bands like the Rolling Stones are reputed to gross a million dollars a night when they're on tour. Admittedly that's in the United States where merchandising for music, films, sport and so on is very big business. But it can still net a tidy sum over here.

"As far as I know I'm the only person in Britain employed specifically to look after a band's merchandising interests. Usually the manager will farm the job out to another company, take a percentage and have done with it. But Maiden's manager, Rod Smallwood, likes to make sure that he and the band have as much as possible under their own control, so he asked me in to organise everything from his company. I've been doing the job now for almost a year and within that time Iron Maiden have become Britain's number one merchandising band and, someone told me the other day, one of the top three merchandising bands in America. Which is good news, but it all means hard work.

"Basically, it goes in cycles. We always seem to be thinking two months ahead. There are always new designs to be added to the range for every new album or tour and we have to start work on them at least eight or nine weeks before that tour begins. To begin with we talk to Derek Riggs, who does all of Iron Maiden's artwork from album sleeves to badges, and between us we decide what logos and designs should feature on the next run of T-shirts, sweatshirts and so on. Then we show them to the people who organise the manufacturing and run the *official* stalls at the gigs and they tell us what sort of things at what sort of price they think will sell. There are all sorts of factors you have to bear in mind. You wouldn't believe what a difference the colour of a T-shirt can make, for instance.

"Black always seems to go down best for some reason. When Maiden headlined at Reading this Summer we brought over a load of American shirts with some US dates and the Reading date on it, a sort of mini-tour memento if you like, and they didn't sell half as well as we thought they would because they were all greys and whites and tans. Had they been black I'm certain they would have gone like hot cakes. The trouble is that black is a very difficult and expensive colour to print over. Unless you're using a simple design, which Maiden's aren't, and you're only printing one colour, then you have to take a lot of trouble over the plates and the separations. All the official Iron Maiden shirts are printed in eight colours so it costs to get them exactly right.

"For each new album or tour we like to do two new T-shirts and two new sweatshirts – one each with a design to promote the album and one each with something to commemorate the tour itself – just for Britain and Europe. We do another set altogether for America and, because their market is so large, we do separate shirts for different areas. Like there was a run for Texas, one for the New York area and another for California. All in all I think we'll probably end up issuing a dozen different Iron Maiden shirts this year, as well as other things like badges, belts, sashes and so on.

"Not all of it goes on gigs of course, there's much more to merchandising than that. There are retail outlets like record stores and gift shops to think of as well as the mail-order market we get via the fan club. So it really is a full time job keeping it all together.

"It generates a fair amount of money for the band, of course. I've never stopped to work it out but with T-shirts at around £4.50 and sweatshirts at £8 or £9 the cashflow must mount up to thousands of pounds. Most of that is swallowed up in costs, though. We try to buy the best quality shirts we can afford and then there's the cost of printing and, if they're going out on tour, the transport and the wages of the guys who sell them. The band usually end up with something like a 10 per cent royalty on each sale, though that will vary from band to band and item to item. On paper, of course, it looks like we make a fair old profit but invariably the money's ploughed back into covering the cost of touring. Very few bands break even on the road these days and so they look for cash wherever they can find it to help meet all the exenses. Record companies don't pay it all by any means. Some bills, like trucking and lighting, you have to pay for upfront so getting an advance from the people who will be earning their living selling your merchandise on the tour often makes all the difference.

"It still beats me where the kids get the money to buy what we offer them. Heavy Metal fans are famous for it, of course, but I'm always amazed to see some of them spend the best part of 20 quid, and that's on top of the cost of the ticket and probably the album too! It's an 'I was there' thing I suppose because they won't buy a T-shirt that doesn't have the tour dates on it – not at a concert anyway. Sell them one like that and they send it back. The sad thing is when some kid comes up at the end of the evening and turns out his pockets and says 'This is all I've got left. What can you give me?' You usually try to accomodate him, but it can be hard.

"That's where some of the bootleggers and pirates score. They're the guys waiting outside the theatre or the hall and they prey on the kids who can't quite afford the official goods by offering them stuff that's either sub-standard or fake. Somehow people never learn that what they buy for a couple of quid less is never as good. After every tour we get letters and packages from fans who've bought T-shirts outside and the sleeves have started to unravel immediately or else when they washed it the colours ran and it came out of the machine only fit for the Hunchback of Notre Dame to wear. It's so sad.

"That's one of the reasons we've been taking bootleggers to court. Of course, we're worried about the potential earnings that Iron Maiden are losing, but we also want to stop the fans getting cheated by men who are making a very good living doing something which they know is illegal. The law is actually quite simple on this point. Because the Iron Maiden name and the logo are registered nobody is allowed to us them without our permission while an artist automatically owns the copyright to his design work whether he's registered it or not. So Eddie and the Devil are safe too.

"But there are other protections built into the copyright laws. The one we've been trying to prosecute the pirates under is known as 'passing off'. If somebody takes a copyright design and does a copy of it which is slightly dissimilar, but not dissimilar enough to be unrecognisable, then it's obviously been done with intent to deceive and is illegal. That's the line our lawyers are taking anyway but once you get beyond the 'passing off' stage and into arguing about the use of Iron Maiden's name if written in a conventional script and screen-printed across a black and white photo on a T-shirt, then it all becomes very complicated and expensive to take to court. We haven't gone into that one yet. We've just been claiming damages from people using the registered designs but actions we took in February are still dragging on and we don't expect any settlements quite yet.

"Luckily, both Adam Ant and The Stones have already gone through the system and created the legal precedents, which should speed the process up a little for us. But if we start acting against pirates on the mail-order and retail side of the business then I think Maiden will be breaking new ground."

PAUL RAXWORTHY: Where's me shirt!

PALLAS from left: Euan Lowson, Derek Forman, Niall Mathewson, Ron Brown, Graeme Murray

Pallas in wonderland

ONE SWALLOW, my friends, does NOT make a musical movement. But it seems, according to some, that we are now in the throes of a new era of British progressive rock (the birth of NEOBPR?) – a fact primarily based on the emergence of Aylesbury quintet Marillion.

Much as I admire Fish and the fellas, I can't help feeling that they are most certainly NOT the harbingers of a new dawn for mature, heavy musicianship á la Yes, ELP, Genesis, King Crimson etc. True Marillion now have an EMI deal, but what the heck does that prove? Only that they're a band with all the right ingredients of luck, talent, and connections – nothing more.

The 'prog tock' movement is no nearer happening, and will remain thus until a steady stream of similar sophisticates firstly start regularly gigging, secondly gain wide media exposure, and thirdly sign on the dotted record contract line. As yet, there aren't too many contenders to pass the post on any (let alone all) the above criteria.

Marillion aside, the sole ray of sunshine on the horizon is Aberdonian five piece Pallas, and even they've got a long way to go before they're ready to compete with any degree of confidence in the dangerously uncertain world of big-time rock. At the moment too much of their Yes/Rush style music consists of over-long epics that tend to drag, and run the risk of losing the listeners interest as 'Arrive Alive', their self-financed cassette release on Granite Wax Records, shows.

But, equally let's not lose sight of two pertinent facts regarding Pallas. Firstly, they've been together some five years – a mere drop in the time ocean for such a musically-demanding genre. And, secondly, the aforementioned cassette was cheaply produced fron ONE Scots gig – not exactly the best way to make your recording debut. Furthermore, it *has* picked up respectable sales, and some critical acclaim.

No less a judge than Bernie Marsden was moved to comment that the title track (also issued as a Granite Wax single) was *"interesting . . . certainly a little different from your average headbanging record."* And numbers like 'Queen Of The Deep' and 'Crown Of Thorns' (the only songs still performed live by Pallas from the cassette) do indeed balance light/shade, hard-edged power/gentle introspection in a way that shows the band have the right to feel for prog rock. Moreover, they're sensible enough to admit they've much to learn.

"Oh yeah, we all know there's room for improvement on the technical side," says bassist Graeme Murray (the group is completed by vocalist Euan Lowson, guitarist Niall Mathewson keyboard player, Ronnie Brown and drummer Derek Forman). "But we're all musical perfectionists, forever trying to get better individually and collectively, and no-one has yet come up to us at gigs and siad: 'well, you're not technically good enough'.

The reason for that is simple. Most of our fans are 17/18 year olds who never say Yes or ELP in their heyday, cos at the time they were eating lillipops and reading comics. So, when they come to see us, it's a fresh experience, something that's completely new to them."

It's not surprising that Pallas fans (virgins in prog rock territory) find the band so invigorating for like Marillion, they put on a highly theatrical show.

"You can only jump up and down and shake your head to music for so long. After that it becomes boring, and our style is so intense and dynamic it seemed a shame not to exploit the visual possibilities. So, we use theatrics of a sort that will AUGMENT the music."

Wherever you turn in this feature, however, one inescapable word keeps popping up – MARILLION! Aren't Pallas in danger of becoming labelled as a copy of their Aylesbury peers? Murray, "Yes, there are possibly some people who think we're like Marillion. But once they see both bands perform, they can't fail to realise how much we differ from one another. Our music does have similar roots, but we've grown apart. And theatrically we're also different cos our frontman, Euan and Fish, are totally separate personalities. It's rather like comparing Alice Cooper with Peter Gabriel. I'm not saying these are the prime influences on our respective singers, simply that although Gabriel and Cooper drew from the same theatrical roots, they were vastly different in their interpretations.

"I believe there's plenty of room for both bands in the modern rock field. No-one ever tried to call ELP a copy of Yes, did they? Or Yes a copy of Genesis. No, we're just a couple of individual bands, each with it's own sound. In fact, as people, Marillion and Pallas get on very well. We do our utmost to promote one another. Maybe in a few years time, when we're both trying to push LPs up the charts, things will change. But at the moment, it's mutually beneficial for us to help each other out."

"Despite Murray's optimism, I can't help but wonder if our major labels, having seen Marillion snapped up, will start to court Pallas for all the wrong reasons in the same way that Def Leppard's Phonogram contract led to a stampede of NWOBHM outfits being signed up, and viewed as Leppard clones.

"Oh I don't think there's any danger of that", retorts Murray. "We haven't struggled this far just to blow it by going to the wrong label. We're wise enough to wait for the right deal."

Bold words. And I hope Pallas can stick to 'em. Certainly tempting offers seem to be just around the corner with many companies, who disdainfully turned away the Pallas begging bowl only a year ago, now given to phoning the band, trying desperately to re-open negotiations.

But, the biggest question of all still remains open. Have the band (or for that matter Marillion) REALLY the ingenuity, presence of mind and charisma to build a lasting nationwide reputation? Or are we just deluding ourselves if we think that young audiences responding to high-class musicianship in new bands shows anything more than a novelty interest. For the sake of the potential inherent in both Marillion and Pallas, I pray that there is no record company/media attempt to artificially create a NEOBPR.

With this proviso in mind, I believe the future for Pallas to be more positive than negative. And any band who can openly admit to having written a hitherto unrecorded concept album's worth of material based around the 'Legend Of Atlantis' (as have Pallas), have got my vote right from the start.

MALCOLM DOME

pic by Fin Costello

HELLSAPOPPIN!

Our vestal virgin, DANTE BONUTTO, ventures into the vile and vicious realms of Venom

"No-one stands at the front and stays on their feet at the beginning of the set, no-one. I don't care how big they are, they'll duck, and that's a challenge!" – Cronos, bassist/vocalist with Venom.

LOUDEST, FASTEST, meanest, dirtiest, roughest, raunchiest . . . HM fans of longstanding will no doubt recall many of the music's foremost spokesmen laying claim to top-dog status in one, several and occasionally all of these categories.

Some even seek an advantage by making up their own (remember Ross The Boss and his 'mannishness' spiel .), the result being that those drawn towards the heavier side now need asbestos balaclavas, or at least two wads of Donington goo, to protect-er-delicate ears from ever-increasing blasts of hot air and hype. And that the above casting of the gauntlet, tastefully phrased though it is, is likely to be received in such circles with little more than a knowing grin and a practised "oh, yeah!"

But hold! Before moving on through these glossy leaves having dismissed Cronos, Mantas and Abaddon, Venom's darkly named trio, as yet more yawnsome pretenders to a throne already creaking under the combined buttock weight of Nugent, Roth, Hagar and more, examine the extent of the band's arsenal . . . £200 worth of powder (per show), 32 explosions during the first two numbers alone, 12 before the band even take to the stage. *And* bear in mind that these are not your run-of-the-mill *petit* puffs, but cannisters the size of dustbins packed tight with the sort of powder that reduces large, industrial chimneys to outsize *Lego* sets.

Over the top, certainly, but then that's the Venom forté. Their choice of evil, elemental forces as a basis for the show isn't an original one – in fact, well-trodden HM ground – but whereas most bands working this area pack all the shock value of a punctured 'whoopee cushion', these Newcastle ne'er-do-wells, through total commitment and extravagant execution, are horribly, violently, diabolically successful.

Stoke up the stereo, lower the 'lids and let Venom lead you through their elaborate Bosch

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HELLSAPOPPIN!

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

landscape, a bone-cracking, flesh-singeing, teeth-grinding netherworld a long way removed from the '666, number of the beast' fairy-tale stuff perpetrated by Iron Maiden and their ilk.

Reviewed way back in *Kerrang!* No 11, the band's first album 'Welcome To Hell' caused your staff scribe to froth at the gills, alliterate unrestrained and resort temporarily to a night-light . . . and that was just the start. By the time you pass peepers over this, 'Black Metal', the foulest of follow-ups, will be nestling in album racks the length and breadth of the land, daring unsuspecting browsers to take the plunge. Approach with caution for contained within are 11 gloriously disgusting tracks, potent exercises in idolatory, that strike with the power of an Exocet enema. Music, image and lyrics fuse perfectly in a deadly, deviant salutation to the black arts, making this one of 82's most perniciously potent releases.

Instruments are less played than seriously molested, the onimous Cronos bass occasionally swooping and diving at the forefront of the mix but for the most part flush with the Abaddon drumbeat, the two providing a sturdy launching pad for Mantas' poleaxing, no-effects guitar strokes which spit, howl and scream, turning over the stomach and damaging the ribs, bringing us nicely back to the evergreen *is-punk-just-speeded-up-HM-with-fewer-solos-and-vocal-mannerisms?* argument.

Personally, I find the links between the two forces stronger than purists in both camps would probably allow (Motorhead were classed as punks once, remember), and see it as not in the least surprising that Venom's musical blood-letting – fraught, at times barely structured – coupled with Cronos' liking for high-legged Marten's (recently put through their paces on a tent-trampling exercise for which he was bound over and fined £100), should gain the band respect/notoreity in punk quarters.

'Shit hot', is how one spikey top, self-confessed, described the trio in a recent fan letter, a succinct pronouncement equally applicable to the new LP where 'Countess Bathory', a bloody tale of the search for lost youth with Cronos barking out the lyrics over a monstrous riff, and 'Buried Alive' are the standout tracks. The latter is particularly impressive, its appeal tellingly enhanced by sundry sounds and voices – holier-than-thou pastor, weeping mourners, earth dropping six feet onto polished oak, claustrophobic man-in-a-coffin vocals – and the fact that fear of a premature silk-wrap is both real and common. Less a composition than a *de*composition. . . .

'They lower me down into that hole in the ground,
I scream out for help but they hear not a sound.
I tear at the lid, my fingers they bleed,
Is this happening to me or is it just a dream ?'

Being the most widely read on demonic and funereal practice, lyrics of this sort are handled by Cronos (his sole 'O' Level pass, English, was largely the result of a project on vampires), while the obligatory porn 'n' filth stems from the Mantas pen. His contribution this time around is 'Teacher's Pet', which opens innocently enough with a playground-chant guitar figure then goes straight round the U-bend with the following non-rhyming couplet:

'Teacher caught me masturbating underneath the desk,
She looked at me and winked her eye, said: 'see you after class'.'

With a chorus along the lines of *'teacher's pet, teacher's wet'* and a mid-song chant of *'get yer tits out fer the lads!'*, it's schoolboy locker-room fantasy dragged through the dung-heap, indicative of the band's generally dismissive, at times downright derogatory, attitude towards women and the reason why the album may carry a sticker warning potential purchasers that the lyric sheet (yes, they'll be one) could cause offence.

This element of the repertoire I can't condone, but when Cronos and co desist – er – grappling with the female anatomy and focus on matters dank and infernal, they really can't be topped.

Having got quite used to a close association between body and head, I'd be inclined to treat Venom in the live (indeed, *any*) scenario with a degree of respect, but those still determined to rise to the challenge fronting this feature should prepare themselves for more than a two-bob bus ride as the band's first/last live appearance was at a festival in Belgium where they headlined over Acid and Picture before 3,000 assorted bikers, punks and Angels. Heavy conditions to say the least.

The Belgian bikers, not ones to stand on ceremony, simply drive their machines into the back of the hall and if a band doesn't cut in live then they refrain (momentarily) from nutting each other and turn well-dented foreheads towards the stage. The rules are straightforward and worth remembering: if you give good value you leave without a limp.

To many bands, this sort of pressure would be intolerable but Venom, predictably, thrived on the challenge and, despite the possibility of dates in New York and Japan, hope to return to Europe in the near future, perhaps this time taking in Holland, Germany and Italy where 'Welcome To Hell' has notched up healthier sales than in Britain. Indeed, as far as this country's concerned the dark, Satanic ones find themselves in a rare dilemma.

Certainly they'd like to play here eventually, and a new rock venue touted to open soon in the Midlands may provide the answer, but for the moment they're not weighty enough in name or legend to take on Odeon-sized venues and with a show as extravagent as theirs no headliner would have them on a major tour even if they could afford the 'buy-on' fee (unlikely, as two work part-time to keep the band alive as is). They could, of course, resort to the club 'n' pub circuit, a traditional stamping ground for aspiring talent, but that would mean trimming the 8ft x 13ft drum riser, reducing the 20-cab backline and leaving the bombs at home. And that just isn't the Venom way.

In the Newcastle area, at least, this no-compromise attitude, coupled with a refusal to keep the same high profile as Neat stablemates/Geordie heroes Raven, has caused a fair amount of local resentment, leading specifically to an ongoing aggro situation with a Metro DJ, a total lack of play at the Newcastle Mayfair and Abaddon being taken into custody three or four times for showing Venom-baiters the error of their ways.

For the most part, he and the other band members view the matter philosophically but earlier this year, with the sniping and backhand comment rising to a peak, they decided to bow to their critics and play a gig in a close-to-home club. A few thrashed chords, however, was as far as things went for the initial wave of bombs, as well as fusing all the lights in the building including those illuminating the downstairs bingo parlour, caused severe structural damage and had the three, when located amidst the smoke and smouldering cabs, promptly and permanently ejected. Repairs, we understand, are still in progress.

While the band recall the evening with no little relish – Cronos particularly liking to tell how his *then* roadie ended up on the casualty list having been hurled some 30ft across the floor and charred black on one side – it's made them more tight-knit as a group and more suspicious of outside involvement and advice. Result – not an easy bunch to interview, particularly when an organisational cock-up has kept them confined to Neat Record's Wallsend studio for three hours waiting to be spoken to and snapped.

By the time we reach said studio at five in the afternoon the Venom camp is not a happy one; a few things have been smashed (thankfully not the best china), and an upstairs room violently rearranged into a suitably chaotic backdrop. It's clear that the photo session isn't going to be a good idea, so one relieved photographer beats a hasty retreat while Venom manager and rumoured catholic Eric leads me aloft, he elaborating on the band's querulous mood, me feeling like a missionary resigned to his fate in the cannibal's pot.

Thought for the day: there's probably those amongst you who think this rock 'n' roll writing's a piece of cake complete with a very sweet filling and, while the analogy certainly holds true at times, there are others when you end up with your face stuck firmly in the icing. Genuinely sticky moments. I've had my share . . . attempting to coax sense (or at least something printable) out of a fast-fading Ozz, having to fend off transvestites, transexuals and generally very confused people in a NY dive at the sharp end of a Blackmore wind-up and, my God, doing my best to appease a rampant stewardess by rolling up sleeves and placing a cushion over a comatose Halfin's unspeakable, warted parts on a memorable transatlantic hop. And there's more not fit to print – even in a Venom feature. This encounter now joins the list. . . .

Before taking a seat in the band's disarranged hang-out, I find I must first fight my way through barbed-wire looks and waves of barely-restrained vitriol emanating primarily from one particular corner. There, Cronos is curled, his fingers tracing patterns over a large dagger and his pale, almost angelic face moulded temporarily into an evil, wide-angle leer.

This is clearly not the moment for hearty introductions or comments on the weather so, by mutual, unspoken consent, the usual foreplay is shelved and we dive straight in. The first 10 minutes are pretty tough but, once the ice has at least been chipped and several cans of brew introduced courtesy of Eric, virtually a fourth member of the band, the latter proceed to put the Venom case, their clipped Geordie tones occasionally giving way to cackles, belches and, at the mention of women (in particular a certain Inga), strange gutteral noises from Cronos. We're away. . . .

"We don't do gigs," explains Mantas, in response to some preliminary probing on the Belgian trip, "we do shows. It's fokkin' massive. If you stand at the front of the stage you're gonna get yout head blown off!"

"Yeaahh!" Cronos growls in accord.

At the Belgian gig a safety barrier was erected some eight feet from the stage to give those at the front a fighting chance but, in the event, it did little to even the odds.

"We were offstage when the bombs went off at the beginning," recalls Mantas, "because we don't want to be anywhere near them, and the kids actually ducked. We were fokkin' howling about it."

"It's all just getting bigger and bigger," says Cronos, features still malevolently poised, "and one day it's gonna go BAM! World War III. . . ."

I don't doubt it for a moment. The band, believe you me, have numerous plans afoot, the most interesting of which involve chaining a female to the stacks so the incantation during 'Welcome To Hell' can be reproduced live, bringing a black panther onstage (I wouldn't take this one too seriously) and, most ambitious of all, constructing hell, or selected parts of it anyway, under the Abaddon drum riser.

"Eric's also getting in touch with NATO to see if we can get a MkII hydrogen bomb," reveals Cronos, "so you can see that if some kid comes to a gig fokkin' spaced-out on acid he's really gonna freak. And if he turns up straight he'll think fokk me, what was that. WOW!"

Mantas: "That's the reaction we look for. There's people who love us and there's people who absolutely fokkin' hate us, no inbetween."

Abaddon: "It may be hip to like Journey and Foreigner now, but we prefer to have 50 real fans rather than 500 fokkin' wimps. We may never have as many followers as those two but at least our fans will be real fans."

Not surprisingly, the band have no time for America's sanitised, squeaky-clean rock outfits – you get the feeling that if Cronos got his blade anywhere near Neal Schon's jugular, Journey would be looking for a new guitarist, pronto!

"You go down the Mayfair on a Friday night and all you get is Foreigner, Journey and REO Speedwagon," bemoans Mantas. "I was there last week and they played one Motorhead track between eight and one. It's all 'Eye Of The Tiger' type stuff."

Abaddon: "That's because the chicks are into it; it means this horrible fat twat who pretends to be a disc jockey can get himself laid."

Mantas: "The Heavy Metal scene in Britain is terrible at the minute."

Cronos: "Crap!"

Abaddon: "Shite! There are some good bands around but they aren't being given a chance."

Hold on a second, though. Journey have grossed around 75 million dollars in America this year, they must be doing something right. . . .

Cronos: "Ah, they're wimps, man!"

Abaddon: "Old men with fokkin' guitars."

Mantas: "They're not Heavy Metal, pure and simple."

Cronos: "That's right. Heavy Metal should kick you in the heed and make you fokkin' freak out when you hear it. Foreigner? Wimp music, that. Great if you want to break in a new chick or something but not if you want to shake your heed and nut the floor. In fact, we've decided not to call ourselves Heavy Metal any more. If people think the likes of Foreigner are Heavy Metal then we don't want to be associated with it at all. Our music is Power Metal, Venom Metal, Black Metal, not Heavy Metal cos that's for the chicks."

Certainly, 'Black Metal' has little in common with the current releases from Journey and Foreigner, differing wildly in recording method as well as content. While the aforementioned mega-groups invariably agonise endlessly over their albums, deferring release dates as a matter of course, Venom record quickly to capture 'feel', 'spontaneity' and 'excitement'. With all equipment squeezed into the studio, Cronos' stack locked in the vocal booth and headphones consigned instantly to the bin, 'Welcome To Hell' was ready for packaging in three days, the approximate length of time it takes Mick Jones to tune his guitar. 'Black Metal', however, was a longer project. . . .

Cronos: "We started to record the album on Lammas (August 1 for non-necromancers), worked for six days and rested on the seventh."

Mantas: "You go in and crash it out and, unless there's a real big bummer in the middle, you leave it alone."

Abaddon: "You come out feeling like you've been through something; like you've just gone three rounds with Rocky."

Early in their career the band did make brief use of a producer but it proved an unhappy coalition and they're now adamant that they'd never sacrifice total control again. They produced 'Black Metal' and are more than happy with the raw, reverberating, synthless sound.

"You put on 'Welcome To Hell' and you go: 'ah, that's a pretty powerful LP'," says Cronos. "Then you put on 'Black Metal' and you fokkin' shit yerself, cos that's live that."

The off-the-wall, 'open-bowel' production on 'BM' works on an opposite tack to that favoured by most US producers dealing with bands in the Journey/Foreigner bag. They produce to offend the least number of people whereas Venom. . . .

Abaddon: "Groups like Journey use a producer to make the guitarist sound good, but if a guitarist can't play he can't play. He (indicating Mantas) *can*; if he shits out of his fokkin' arse it sounds good. You don't need to clean things up and pretty them around."

Cronos: "In fact, there's two tracks on the LP we had to do more than once because we were getting them *right* all the time."

Mantas: "We were playing pretty chords that were sounding nice and when we listened back we thought: 'shit, horrible', so about the third time we tried them we just went crash, wallop and that was it."

Cronos: "It's no good if you go: 'that's really nice', you've definitely got to wipe that one, but if you go: 'EEEAARGHH! EEEAAARGHH!' (approximate translation) it's OK."

Abaddon: "You've got to come out stinking; the studio just fokkin' hums after we've been in."

There, my friends, speaks an expert for, without further ado, the boisterous, be-spectacled one is singled out as the man most responsible for the distinctive ambience, the certain *je ne sais quoi*, that surrounds the band at work.

"Go on, smell his armpits," encourages Cronos, clearly on a subject close to his heart, "you'll faint. They fokkin' reek!"

I decline on grounds of a sheltered childhood but almost suggest a scratch 'n' sniff cover for the new LP, only shelving the idea when it strikes me that Abaddon would probably jump at the chance to have his underarm aroma captured for posterity and that, take it from me, would not be pleasant *at all*.

While Venom has existed in its present form for about two years (the current formation was established a week before the recording of the first single), the name has been around the Newcastle area for some three and a half. Mantas it was who supplied the initial inspiration, subsequently meeting the like-minded Abaddon at a Judas Priest gig and linking up later with Cronos, a rhythm guitarist at the time. A lead singer and a bassist completed the original personnel, but the latter soon left to get married, hence Cronos' current four-string status, while the vocalist, having a different, more self-seeking attitude to the rest of the band and none too pleased at his backgarden being designated the ideal site to test the bomb show, gradually began to drift from the ranks.

When Venom entered the studio to demo 'Live Like An Angel' Mantas, feeling a line-up change inevitable, simply asked Cronos to have a bash at singing, in response to which he let forth with a giant, industrial roar horrific enough to ensure that he's combined bass and mike duties ever since.

As for his vocal predecessor, the last time the band saw him he was apparently "oop an Alsatian", so one can only assume that prolonged association with Venom, not to mention the wholesale flaura destruction, proved none too healthy for his mental equilibrium.

"He was a reet skinny c—, man," says Cronos, "he thought he was Alice Cooper or Rob Halford or something. He was really fokkin' big-headed." He's not missed.

The new band's first major UK appearance was to be at the Newcastle Mayfair, playing with three other Neat outfits, but when after sitting around all day they found themselves allocated only 20 minutes to prepare, they walked off in disgust with droves of equally disgruntled fans trailing in their wake.

"It's all got to be right," says Cronos, "or else people will get hurt – including us!"

While Venom are still somewhat green on the business side, they try to be as professional as possible, maintaining a small, tight-knit crew well-versed in their tasks and videoing rehearsals to see which parts of the show require honing. Offstage they lark around a lot (*believe* me), but once beneath the spotlight the change is instant. There's no

continues page 34

'Our music is Power Metal, Venom Metal, Black Metal, not Heavy Metal cos that's for the chicks'

Pic by FIN COSTELLO

WIN! PAUL SAMSON'S GUITAR!

Kawai Moon Liner

TIRED OF your Flying-V and its boring natural wood finish? Of looking like every other aspiring axe hero? Then have a banana! No, seriously, the large, curved object in Paul Samson's grasp *is* a guitar – a KAWAI MOON LINER to be precise. Just answer the three questions below and this hard-to-miss Japanese artefact, rare in these shores, could soon be nestling in *your* palms. Nine runners-up will receive signed copies of the new Samson album 'BEFORE THE STORM'.

1. How many albums have Samson released prior to 'Before The Storm'?
2. Give the title of the band's first single?
3. How many appearances have they made at the Reading Festival?

Answers on a Postcard to: SAMSON COMPETITION, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex.

GILLAN & THE CUCUMBERS

NOT CONTENT with wreaking havoc amongst the Reading FC board, Ian Gillan has now taken to barbarian horticulture courtesy of The Cucumbers, shown here reducing the man to his knees with the quality of their wares. Gillan should be reaping the rewards of this Autumn's harvest when he and his risqué Beatrix Potter chums display their produce amidst towers and assorted dancing folk on the current tour. The best of British, was all we could think to add.

A full review follows next page.

pic by Paul Slattery

KONCERTS!

GILLAN/SPIDER
Civic Hall, Guildford

DESPITE obvious limitations with regard to space, lighting and pyrotechnics Liverpudlian boogie merchants Spider are treating this support slot as if they're the headliners and are finding themselves as equally well-received as Gillan.

After years of playing the clubs their hard work and effort at least seems to be paying off and the impressive opener 'Down & Out', followed swiftly by 'Rock 'N' Roll Forever Will Last', had even the stragglers up on their feet. As an encore they played their 'Amazing Grace Bloos' Heavy Metal medley, consisting of tracks by Sabbath, Quo, AC/DC and more – they even included a frenzied 'Freebird' – which ensured their welcome return before too long.

Gillan may have one or two more problems on that score.

I remember sitting (because there was literally no room to stand) on the Marquee stage beneath Colin Towns' keyboards a couple of years ago watching Ian Gillan give a definitive performance that exuded charisma and affability.

Things have changed since then. Bernie Tormé has come and gone, his place now filled by Janick Gers who dresses in white so as not to be mistaken for Ritchie Blackmore (close your eyes and see if you can tell the difference!) and insists on inflicting a mind-manglingly tedious solo on the unsuspecting during 'Bite The bullet'.

Derived wholesale from the 'Rainbow Book Of Axe Histrionics' this is an utterly pointless display of egotism. Ho hum. Ditto John McCoy's Gene Simmons style bass rumblings on 'Dead Of Night'. I keep expecting him to 'fly' across the stage. Still, Colin Towns remains as brilliant as ever, thankfully, with his improvised jazz intros to 'M.A.D.' and the final encore, a cover of the Beatles' 'Helter Skelter', before which he dons a pair of luminous, flashing lapels that would turn Liberace green with envy.

And so to the main himself.

Ian Gillan has always been one of the most respected performers in the business, but the fact remains this time round he seems to have thrown an almighty spanner into the works. What, precisely, is the point of dragging about two woodwork towers to fill them with 'Cucumbers' and other assorted folk warbling inaudible backing vocals on only two numbers? Answer: none at all.

Ian, if I want to watch a cabaret act I'll go to a cabaret. If I want to see a good hard rock show I expect to be able to find it at a Gillan concert. If these theatrics are simply an excuse to patch over the cracks in your performance then I'm just not interested anymore.

DAVE DICKSON

DIAMOND HEAD
Newcastle City Hall

THIS BEING their first tour since signing with MCA, Diamond Head weren't particularly worried that the gig wasn't a sell out. Theirs isn't the only show on the road that won't be breaking box office records. I hazard a guess though that when word leaks out from the stalls to the streets, the next tour will be a great deal more anticipated.

'Am I Evil', with it's 'Mars Intro', was the (obvious) opener, it brash riffing cutting through the smoke and providing a marked contrast to the second number, 'In The Heat Of The Night', which scored with a more subtle and smouldering approach. Both come from their recently issued *official* debut album, which represents the best of DH material over the last three years, so not surprisingly every track from it featured in the set.

'Call Me' works superbly well live, benefitting hugely from the extra 'oomph' provided by Duncan Scotts new double bass kit, but it was the lengthier slow blues-based 'Don't You Ever Leave Me' that produced the most magic moments of the evening – a stunning showcase for the talents of singer Saun Harris and guitarist Brian Tatler.

Diamond Head are already looking forward to their next album and treated us to two tracks from it (it would have been three but a show of hands indicated the throng wanted an oldie!) 'To The Devil His Due' is already familiar to most as it's been in the set several months but the second, 'Making Music', was aired for the first time. Someone went well over the top with the smoke but it couldn't obscure the strength of the song . . . a very heavy riff and a memorable chorus.

The archives were then raided for an amazing encore medley of 'Shoot Out The Lights', 'Dead Reckoning', 'It's Electric' and 'Helpless'. But there was no way the crowd would let them go so they returned with 'Play It Loud', white light scorching up from the stage as they eased into the 'Did You Like The Show' ending. Though the Geordies were strangely subdued the answer was an emphatic 'Yes!'

NEIL JEFFRIES

BERNIE TORME'S ELECTRIC GIPSYS
Marquee, London

A charismatic hobo with a heart of gold reigned supreme over three nights at the Wardour Street Rock Shop, and finally dispelled those annoying rumours that he's not fit to front his own band. Bernie's voice, though not strong enough to rate the man as a top ranking vocalist, is certainly distinctive and he doesn't sing out of tune – that often!

My main criticism, in fact, is of the current album, where songs that should have been strong and tuneful sound weak and watery; the production, hurried as it was, can take the majority of the blame, along with an uncharacteristic slaphappy performance from this more than colourful Irishman. BUT transfer any of the LPs offerings to a live setting and what you've got is a collection of highly original and quality drenched modern day standards.

The infectious 'Turn Out The Lights' takes on a new identity on stage – it's almost commercial, though I can't really imagine the sight of Tormé, Everton Williams and Frank Noon pandering to the TOTP morons, and that guitar sound is just that bit over-the-top for pop success. 'Getting There', also from the album, is another example of transition; the live version really does take on classic status, and with a different arrangement it could provde to be a hit in the MOR ballad market!

But what really draws the people is Tormé's status as a 'guitar hero', and in this rapidly becoming less and less humble opinion that's pure crap. Not that he doesn't rank among the finest, and most original, exponents of the electric six string banjo. He does. It's just that because he happens to be a highly accomplished guitarist, who just happens to have played with a couple of stars, his main forté – strong, powerful song writing – seems to have been overlooked.

Hopefully, the new album will go a long way towards remedying that particular problem. But in the meantime, you can see Bernie on tour with Budgie and Chinatown and you'd be crazy to miss a bill like that now wouldn't you.

NICK KEMP

PRESENCE
Marquee, London

AS FAR as I can see, in the case of most UK hard rock outfits practice makes perfect. The majority of new acts which emerged during the halcyon days of '79 were desperately over-rated and under-experienced. Yet the likes of Samson, the Tygers and to a lesser extent Maiden and Saxon have all come up with excellent material of late. New acts which offer something *immediatley*, however, are as scarce as pennies in a poor journalist's pocket, which is why Presence are the subject of this piece.

To support a bunch of ageing cronies such as The Glitter Band without any form of sound-check is hardly the most pleasant way to debut on the London circuit, and while that lack of preparation certainly showed in an abysmal sound which drowned guitarist Gavin Lewis right out of affairs, Presence's material is tremendously strong and versatile. It leans towards Journey-esque pop/rock though remains *heavily* pure rock based thanks to the tight rhythm of bassist Mark Parkin and outstanding drummer Ian Robert Stacey. Star of the show, though, is without doubt young Gavin,w ho has plenty of tricks up his guitaring sleeve, making use of a sensitive, tasteful style akin to Neal Schon's cultured play.

'Listen To My Heart' and 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy' are two excellent examples of Presence's sound and direction and given the correct studio treatment could be big airplay hits. My one reservation is that vocalist Jon Dunmore could've done more! While he's excellently enthusiastic, he really doesn't cut it vocally *or* visually, his movements being forced and rather shambolic. Problems can probably be ironed out with more experience, however, so keep an eye out for 'em.

HOWARD JOHNSON

720
Marquee, London

FOLLOWING a lengthy absence from the live circuit – they did play at Dingwalls but I don't count that as a bona fide 'gig' – 720 return to the Marquee to play one of their better concerts. With a new demo tape that has a number of record company executives foaming at the mouth (and some of 'em like the tape as well) and a fresher attitude to the joys of live concertdom the band now look as if the promise they showed last year can finally be turned to commercial success.

720 play the kind of music that's been missing on the rock scene for some time, driving rock 'n' roll, but with a light edge. In other words they kick ass but without drowning the melody in noise. The closing trio of "Casualty", "Angles Of Madness", and "All By Yourself" all have hit single potential, and the rest of the set is certainly of a quality not to be deemed fillers. In fact every bloody song is good enough for recording.

The band, who after a pretty long lay-off could be forgiven for being a little too loose, that is with the exception of Andy Marshall who has filled in on a couple of tours, and has recently helped out on Roger Daltrey's solo album, but even after what can only have been a couple of rehearsals, 720 sound as tight as if they'd been on the road for the last ten years.

To close then, it really could be 720's year in 1983. A major recording deal is a forgone conclusion, the minute one of these indolent expense account slaves we call A&R men gets off his butt, 720 will be making someone a lot of money. I only hope they remember me!

NICK KEMP

ASIA
Wembly Arena London

AFTER a fantastic first year together, that astounded even their staunchest admirers, Asia confounded the critics and returned home in triumph at their two Wembly shows. Even veteran promoter Harvey Goldsmith raised a surprised eyebrow at the massive turn out. They said a band comprising mere musicians could never succeed in the 'Eighties. But there were the cheering fans, mostly young, who had never seen groups like Yes or ELP in their heyday, and there were the gold albums lining the wall of the backstage suite where Asia held a celebration party.

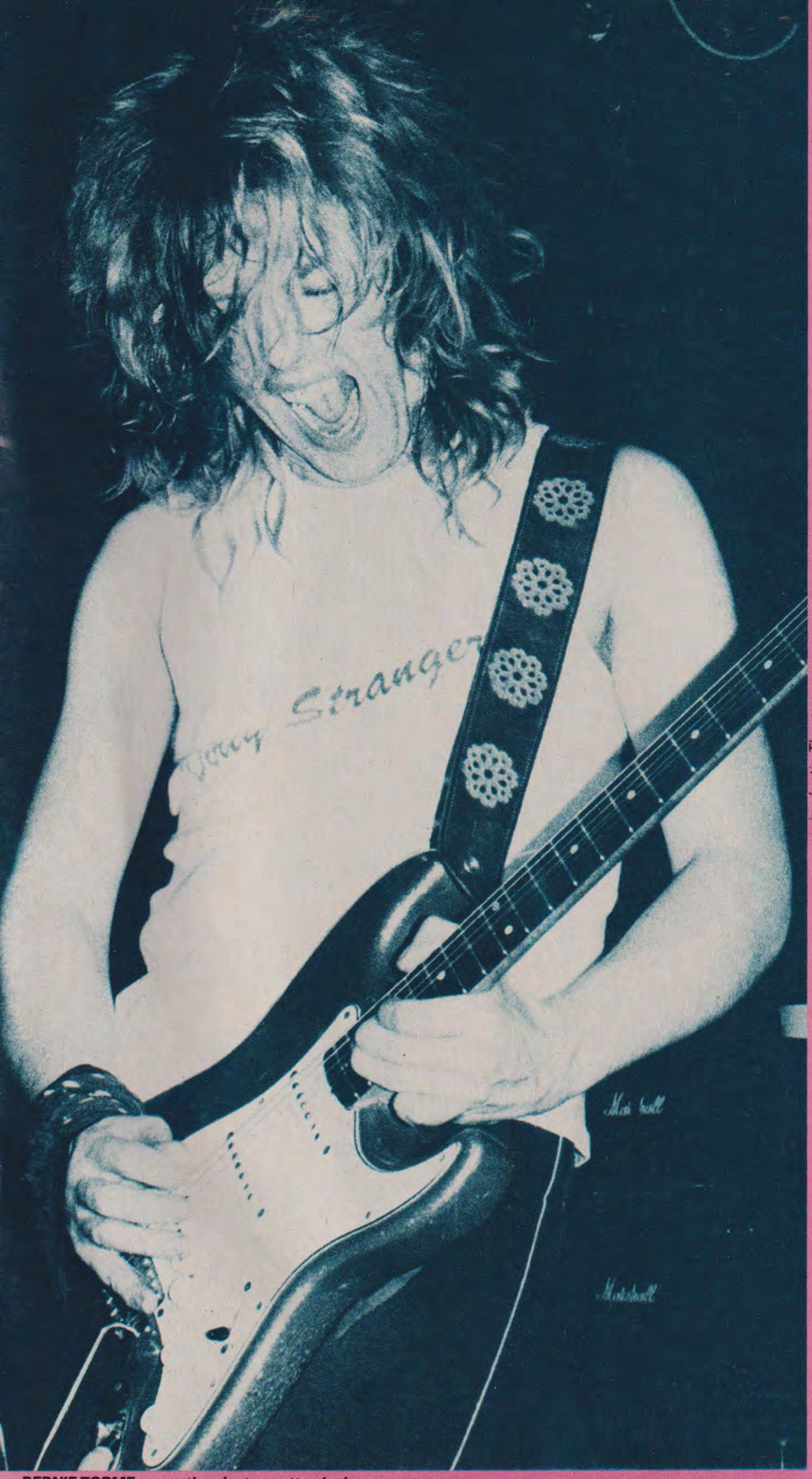
The entire audience rose as the band took the stage, and one fan behind me yelled: 'I refuse to sit down at gigs!' But eventually, they did, after much pleading from attendants.

The album hadn't really prepared us for the power of Asia on stage. They're a blockbusting combination of intrumental prowess and writing skill that's resulted in a much more cohesive style than that achieved in any of the participants previous groups. The songs are simpler, less pretentious, and the writing team of John Wetton and Geoff Downes has created memorable, attractive songs like 'Heat Of The Moment' and the haunting 'Only Time Will Tell', as well as dramatic vehicles for the band to play with orchestral power.

The setting was impressive. A huge illuminated 'Asia' sign, glowed above Geoff's keyboard array, which made him look like Captain Nemo playing Bach in the 'Nautilus'. Below him were the boys in the band, Steve Howe, John Wetton and Carl Palmer.

Steve was given a rapturous welcome back when he played his old acoustic guitar features 'Mood For A Day' and 'The Clap', while John impressed with an amazingly powerful and melodic vocal style that's been creeping up on us through a succession of bands over the past couple of years. From being 'the bass player' he has become a major lead vocalist, and Asia's vocal power has been a vital ingredient in their success story.

The show was marred at first by a bad sound mix but gradually knobs were sorted out and a balance was struck. The band played some new songs as well as the more familiar album material, the former including 'Midnight Sun', with Steve contributing some inspired guitar lines, neat, fast and clear, and 'The Smile Has Left Your Eyes,' a beautiful vocal feature for John with Geoff



pic by Justin Thomas

BERNIE TORME: more than just a pretty plucker

providing appropriately rippling piano. The ballad built to a raging climax which saw Carl rolling his twin bass drums with exhultant delight.

Geoff was featured on 'Cutting It Fine' wherein he summoned the most amazing effects including drums, brass, strings and even Japanese traditional instruments from his keyboard array.

Then came one of the highlights of the evening, a sensational drum solo from Carl on 'Here Comes The Feeling'. It was eight years since the man last played London, and he seemed faster than ever. I hadn't seen the revolving drum stage before, and it was a gas, like the mother ship landing in 'Close Encounters', while his snare drum roll was sheer music to the ears and his final assault, a brilliant display of drum and cymbal co-ordination, breathtaking. The crowd went wild with delight at this orgasmic explosion of human chemistry.

Alas, the drum solo was over all too soon, and Carl came down to the front of the stage in his natty white shorts, dripping with sweat and beaming with delight. The band marched back with 'Sole Survivor' and thus Asia struck a blow for British rock music that shall thunder around the world and fill fans and musicians alike with new hope for the future.

CHRIS WELCH

HAWKWIND/BARON ROJO
Odeon Birmingham

IN THE near-immortal words of Greg Lake — "welcome back my friends to the show that never ends". 15 years on, and Hawkwind are still capable of surprising and staggering on stage.

But before I turn to the headliners, just a few words of praise for Baron Rojo. The Spanish quartet successfully negotiated this gig WITHOUT receiving the traditional abuse Hawkwind fans usually hurl unfairly at support bands. And their accomplished brand of solid, thudding alcoholic riffing thoroughly deserved this accolade. Indeed, in more appropriate company the rockin' Europeans might well have taken the place by storm. Be warned they're going to the HUGE.

Hawkwind were, well Hawkwind. Compelling both visually and aurally, they put on an overwhelming show. The fact is that talented Dave Brock and his merry maniacs learnt long ago they don't necessarily have to give the fans what they want — HW audiences will always want and accept whatever the band chooses to give 'em. This means they've considerable room for live adventurism. And, sure enough, the capacity crowd lapped up the use of two exotic dancers with gold-painted faces and a succession of costumes, plus a stage set rather akin to a psychedelic Macdonalds and a battery of back-drop TV screens displaying amalgam of disturbing/relaxing animated sequences.

As for the music, the band played sufficient new material to successfully promote 'Choose Your Masques', yet also enough older stuff to satiate the fans' greatest hits' desire. 'Brain Storm' 'Damnation Alley' and 'Choose Your Masques' were especially impressive.

Perhaps one could complain (and many did) about the over-loud and murky sound and the uneven, epileptic light show. But to me, these simply added to the surreal carnival atmosphere. And ultimately, this latest HW extravaganza so assaults the senses that any minor niggles present soon pale into insignificance. Rather like a Speilberg movie, Hawkwind provide escapist entertainment that is timeless. Can I pay a higher compliment than that?

MALCOLM DOME

THE GODD

MALCOLM DONE casts away the doubts about Rock Goddess

THERE ARE some people who would have you believe that Rock Goddess are just a hype. That this South London trio (who in January will celebrate their sixth anniversary), have been 'manufactured', not through the power of their music but through the power of the journalistic pen. That Jody Turner (lead guitar/vocals). her 15 year old sister Julie (drums/vocals) and bassist/vocalist Tracey Lamb have only got the attention they have because they're female. The argument goes that a male band of equivalent talent would have been lucky to make it as a support act down at your local pub!

Well, all I can say to such misguided cynics is . . . 'Heavy Metal Rock 'N' Roll'. The rather unwieldy title of the girls' debut A&M single (with stage fave 'Satisfied Then Crucified' on the flip, plus bonus cut in 'One Hot Night' on the 12" version), this is a sensational, scintillating, melodic crucifixion derby that's sure to sweep away all doubts about the Goddess of hell-fire. Indeed, I'll wager there'll be more than a few personages forced to eat their ill-judged words of scorn about the girls – and for certain A&R departments that's gonna mean banquet time!

The indifference of many labels to Rock Goddess we'll talk about a little later. For the moment, let's savour the surprising quality o 'HM R 'N' R'. Surprising? Well, yes, I've got to admit I had my doubts about the single before laudable lather of leather 'n' launacy blasted forth. Not, you understand, because of a lack confidence in the band, but rat due to their choice of producer Now, you'll doubtless rememb Vic Maile as the man who presided over the first two Girlschool LPs, at Jackson's Studios in downtown Rickmansworth. And, if you ev take time out to discuss the

ESSA FILE

man's merits with Kim, Kelly, or Denise, they'll soon let you know what they think of 'Chairman' Maile – a new wave producer with little or no sympathy for metallic heaviness.

This attitude led to both studio friction and a certain feeling that Girlschool were sold short. Moreover, surely there was a grave danger that Maile would try to mould Rock Goddess into Girlschool clones, and, from the opposite viewpoint, of the band being accused of only using Maile to cash in on his reputation with the 'School.

"Vic is just great to work with," asserts Jody, however. "We got involved with him earlier this year. He saw us play a Marquee gig, came back-stage afterwards to talk, and things happened from there. We did a demo with him in July (featuring 'One Hot Night', 'Make My Night', 'HM R 'N' R' and 'Hot Angels') which helped us to get this deal with A&M in August, and we've been working with him ever since on both the single and our first album. He's just fabulous with us, and we get on so well, it's as if we've known each other for years.

"We're so completely different to Girlschool that we never had any fears about Vic trying to make us sound like them. He treats us as a totally separate band. Besides, I always thought his productions for Girlschool were fantastic. The nice thing about Vic is that he's not pushy. He gives us room to breath and simply acts as a guide. There's never any question of him imposing his will on us and if we come up with ideas he won't put us down. He'll let us try them out."

"You hear so much about bands not getting on with their producers that I was genuinely worried about working with any of them," adds Tracey. "But already Vic has become so much as part of Rock Goddess that we hope he'll be producing us for years to come. Besides, Jackson's Studios is so cozy – really like a second hom."

THE proof of the 'pudding' ultimately lies in the grooves, and certainly so far it seems that the Goddess/ Maile teaming is an inspired one. Rather like Ted Templeman's relationships with Montrose and VAn Halen, Maile seems to have made his mistakes and learnt the basics of HM production through the 'Demolotion'/'Hit And Run' link. Rock Goddess are now benefitting from Girlschool acting as his 'guinea pig', if you get my drift. The result is a tunefu!, powerflow ditty in 'Heavy Metal . . .' that has little in common with early 'School and more to do with Iron Maiden, Def Leppard, and the Runaways, leaving aside the fact that Jody's lead break is heavily redolent of Kelly Johnson's on the 'Hit & Run' track!

"I wrote 'Heavy Metal Rock 'N' Roll' specifically for a single," explains Jody. "I was after a compromise between ultra-pop and HM. Not Bucks Fizz style, but definitely commercial. On singles you've gotta go for the middle ground and try to get poppier numbers out that appeal to a wide audience in the way that Rainbow and Whitesnake have done. Then, once you've hooked the public, maybe they'll get into the heavier stuff on albums.

"But, the good thing from our point of view is that A&M have put no pressure on us to come up with a hit single first time around. If this one doesn't work, they they've already said it won't worry them. They're quite prepared to give us time."

All of which brings me nicely to the vexed subject of record companies. As with anyting in this uncertain world, choosing the right label is very much a case of 'horses for courses'. Now, A&M have made their reputation through an adept capacity to sell pop/rock. They've proven peerless in 'breaking' acts like the Police/Squeeze/Captain Sensible. But, on the British HM front, their record is to say the least, dubious. Both Budgie and Nutz (the company's last two UK heavy signings prior to Goddess – and they were snapped up way back in the mid-seventies!) still maintain that much of their failure to make a real impact was down to . . . you've guessed it, A&M.

Ashley Goodall, the man responsible for bringing Iron Maiden to EMI, once said sagely that to make a UK heavy rock band happen requires enormous patience, promotion and financial commitment. With due respect to the good people at A&M, I do wonder if they fully realise the truth of such a statement. Rock Goddess, however, seem remarkably convinced of the company's capabilities.

"We're delighted with the 10 albums deal we've got," enthuses Jody. "The label are right with us. They're liberal, easy going and seem to be on the same wavelength as we are. And, I think it will work to our advantage being with a label not known for its Metal bands. We won't be competing with thousands of other acts on the roster for attention, and consequently we won't just get lost in the system. A&M have already shown a determination to promote us heavily. They see us as a longterm investment and we'd love to spend our entire career with them."

OF course, only the passage of time will tell if the deal is the right one for the girls. I just hope they don't go the same way as Budgie and Nutz. Slightly changing the subject, I also can't help wondering, if there was just a shade of chauvernism in it taking so long for a deal in materialise. Remember, Goddess were for some time one of the nation's most talked-about outfits. Consequently, many A&R bigwigs were to be seen at their gigs yet all, inexplicably, rejected the girls. 'As a female group they're alright,' went the most common comment, 'but they've not got what it takes to be successful. Besides, since when can girls play Heavy Metal?' A real examle of what Suzi Quatro once said – female bands tend to attract lots of attention in the first place because of the novelty value, but to be taken seriously . . . that's a task tantamount to persuading Maggie Thatcher to sing 'The Red Flag'!

Now Rock Goddess have inked the contract with A&M, however, they could do MORE to enhance the cause of female hard rockers than even Girlschool. Not that Goddess are a better band than the latter mob (I still maintain those dynamic demolition damsels are Britain's most significant heavy rock act since Zeppelin!), rather, it's a case of them being the SECOND all-girl group to get a deal. Now, with Kim McAuliffe & Co, people could dismiss their contract with Bronze Records as proving nothing about women in rock – Girlschool were merely a one-off. But, with this trio of marvey metal muthas having arrived, surely the future is a lot rosier for rock 'n' roll females with genuine ability? No-one, after all, can say Rock Goddess are a one-off, too!

No, I'm not suggesting that we should go out looking for all-women HM groups, just that when more such entities do appear on the scene, the tremendous examples of both Girlschool and Rock Goddess should ensure them a fair, unbiased hearing.

"we're not conscious of being an all-girl group," admits Jody. "I feel like I would in any band, male or female. That's the way I'd like us to be treated – like any male act and not as FEMALE musicians. With Rock Goddess, we're musicians first. The fact that we're who we are shouldn't affect anyone's judgement of us. However, if our success so far does encourage other girls, with talent, to follow suit, then so much the better!"

Of course, if Rock Goddess are to encourage likeminded ladies to get up on stage, and 'give it hell', they'll have to be seen and heard live a lot more than has been the case up till now. In the near six years of their existence, the band haven't exactly overstretched themselves, gig-wise. I can think of a few bands, in fact, who've done more shows in one week than the Goddess have done in TOTAL. Moreover, live performances have been almost entirely restricted (save for a short nationwide tour last year to promote their 'Make My Night' cut on the all-woman compilation LP 'Making Waves') to London and the South Wast. HM *aficionados* north of Watford still need to be won over.

"We've a club tour planned for the end of this year," reveals Jody, "and we'll be doing another one in January to promote our album (entitled 'The Goddessa File'). This will take us all over the country. I'm really looking forward to gigging again, and no, I'm not worried about facing new audiences. HM fans are so good that I'm sure we'll go down well."

AND, if the girls' reception at this year's Reading Festival is anything to go by, then Rock Goddess need have no fears about playing anywhere. For, as Tracey recalls, "the fans really gave us a great response, and after our set we were mobbed by so many people telling us how much they enjoyed it."

This band are definitely going places. They play caustic songs, where melodies are nearly juxtaposed with brutal riffs, and do it better than many more celebrated bands. The combination of Jody's gut guitar and growling vocals, Julie's absolutely gale-force drumming, and Tracey's altogether more relaxed bass-lines makes 'em prime purveyors of metabolic rock 'n' roll music that doesn't just assault your body but gets right inside your every fibre. As Rob Halford (nearly) once said – 'get down on your knees before the Goddess if you please'.

HATCHET JOB!

... the facts behind the charts. By LUKE CRAMPTON

■Taking the *Kerrang!* singles chart by storm is the latest **Status Quo** offering – 'Caroline (Live) – as recorded in front of newly appointed HM freak – Prince Charles. Their phenomenal national chart success stretches back to January 1968, two years after they started life as the Spectors, when 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men' reached number 7.

They have also had at least one chart record every year since 1973 (coinciding with a change of label from Pye to Vertigo) and as such are the most consistent chart rock act in the last fifteen years. Their most successful single to date has been 'Down Down' which hit the top of the chart in December 1974 and still remains their only number 1 release. Including their current smash Quo have now amassed twenty-six chart singles. Listed below are the top ten from this remarkable total:

1	Down Down	1974
2	What You're Proposing	1980
3	Rockin' All Over The World	1977
4	Whatever You Want	1979
5	Caroline	1973
6	Paper Plane	1973
7	Pictures of Matchstick Men	1968
8	Rock 'N' ROLL	1981
9	Ice On The Sun	1968
10	Wild Side of Life	1976

The original studio recording of 'Caroline' peaked at number 5. Quo's prolific achievements have been added to this year wity the success of 'Dear John' (which reached number 10) and 'She Don't Fool Me' which, although it charted for five weeks, only reached number 36 and therefore is the group's least successful chart single since 'Are You Growing Tired Of My Love' in May 1969.

■**Whitesnake,** also charting impressively on the HM singles run-down, are seeing their first chart action since June of last year when 'Would I Lie To You' reached number 37 on the national chart. The group has now totted up eight national hits including the current 'Here I Go Again' (from the new album, 'Saints 'n' Sinners'), the previous seven listed here in order of success:

1	Fool for your loving	1980
2	Don't Break My Heart Again	1981
3	Would I Lie To You	1981
4	Ready An' Willing (Sweet Satisfaction)	1980
5	Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City	1980
6	Long Way From Home	1979
7	Snake Bite E.P.	1978

The current line-up, busy rehearsing for the forthcoming tour which starts on 10th December, includes the popular and variable **Cozy Powell** who has been keeping fit on Dartmoor with **David Coverdale** in preparation for the tour. Although his stretch with

pic by Ray Palmer

DAVID COVERDALE:
eighth chart hit for Whitesnake

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow between 1976 and 1979 has been Cozy's most stable and successful venture, he has appeared on dozens of LPs. The first of these was in 1969 as a member of the **Ace Kefford Band** who recorded the instantly forgettable 'Ace Kefford Stand'. His next appearance was with another one-off group – **Bedlam** – who recorded their only album 'Bedlam' in 1973 (Chrysalis CHR 1048).

Cozy also found solo success in the early seventies with three hit singles: 'Dance With The Devil' (December 1973) 'The Man In Black' (March 1974) and 'Na Na Na (August 1974) all of which reached the top twenty. His only chart singles appearance after the split from Rainbow was in November 1979 when 'Theme One' peaked at a poor 62 with a two week stay.

■Having reached number one in the *Kerrang!* album chart, I can assure all those who have written in (including Dave Halsall of Stafford, Sue Meade from Richmond and Lynn Alder of Colchester) 'Four Cuts E.P.', 'In the Heat Of The Night' and 'Borrowed Time' are not **Diamond Head**'s only vinyl releases. Here is a chronological breakdown of their previous product:

SINGLES:
Shoot Out The Lights/Helpless DHM/Happy Face Label
Sweet and Innocent/Streets Of Gold DHM/Media Label
Waited Too Long/Play It Loud DHM
Diamond Lights 12" E.P. DHM

ALBUMS:
Lightning to the Nations/White Album DHM/Happy Face

Of these releases, there are still a few copies of 'Shoot Out The Lights' and 'Waited Too Long' available. Details of how to obtain them are available by sending a SAE to: Design, 156 Lightwoods Hill, Warley Woods, Warley, West Midlands.

■Please keep the HM questions coming to: Luke Crampton, MRIB, 57 Duke Street, London W.1.

V E N O M E N A !

from page 27

laughing then and they don't mean to provoke any either. . . .

"If any c— doesn't take us seriously then let him come up and laugh and I'll kick the fokker's head up his arse," says Abaddon, clearly a man of action. Cronos is more restrained.

"If you come out of a gig and you think it's a joke we'll give you your money back and your fare home. We've put too much time and money into the show for it to be that; we've sacrified too many things."

Abaddon signals agreement: "Ay, virgins 'n' that, y'know. . . ."

This, however, is a joke. Venom may sing about virgins coming under the knife and other pagan revelry but only because they find it a fascinating, idea-ridden subject and one wholly applicable to the nature of the band. They aren't Satanists or adepts, they don't indulge in midnight cavortings and they don't give chickens a hard time . . . they just look as though they might.

"Satan is power and Venom is power so we write about Satan," encapsulates Cronos. "You look at the Bible and it says: 'dahn't ye believe in the devil cos he's a bad lad', it puts over a certain image about Satan and we've picked up on that, be it true or false. We're just telling the world what he does according to the Church.

"We say Satan is a man, he's got horns and fangs, hooves on his feet, a little tail and he runs around and he's a reet bad lad. That's what the kids want to hear. They want to hear that fokkin' Satan will rip yer head off and pull the bones out of yer face, that he'll take yer eyes and pop them and take yer heart and mush it. You get Black Sabbath and all these wankers like Angelwitch, well we're doing what they're doing but *properly*. We're going right over the top.

"Have you heard Demon. They're the wimpiest bunch of SHITBAGS I've fokkin' heard in my life. Father of Time. If I got me mitts on that c—t he would age and half!"

And Venom, you'll no doubt be pleased to hear, will continue to pursue the gross and the grisly with not a thought spared for taste. The third LP, I'm assured, is already written (one side will be taken up with a concept trailered on the tail end of 'Black Metal'), as is the next single and half the fourth album, while a recently completed video may soon become available to the public.

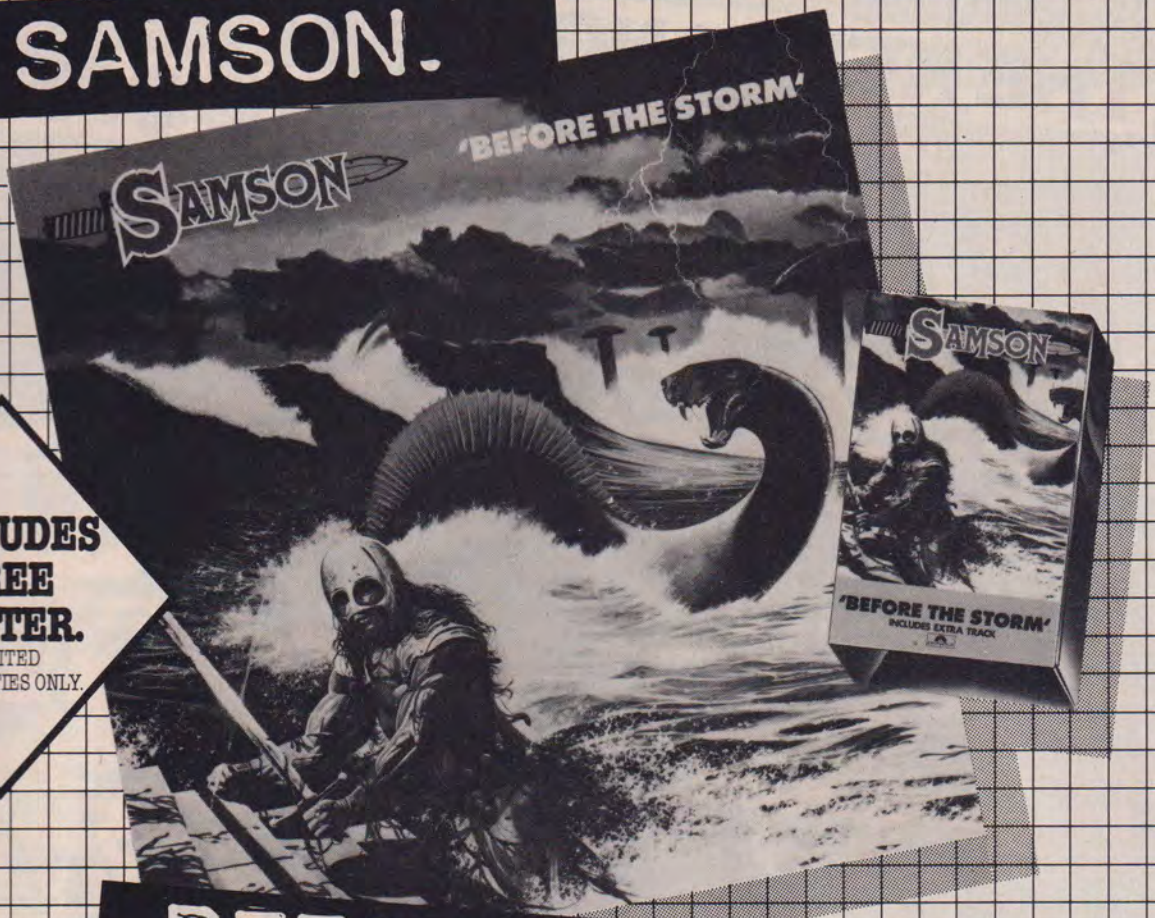
Ideally, the band would like to be on their own label and record in their own studio but, for the moment anyway, they're fairly comfortable with Neat, the only real drawback being lack of ready cash. The backing of a major label would obviously allow them to put some of their more elaborate ideas into practice, though, on the negative side, it might also lead to a loss of control and independence. While weighing up these pros and cons, however, they intend to proceed with plans to start their own publishing company and fan club, the latter optimistically titled *Venom's Legions*.

Their notion of what constitutes success is fairly conventional but whatever they want, they want on their own terms.

Mantas: "There's nothing we'd like more than to become the biggest band in the world with loads of money, but we'd still be what you see now. Speak to us in five years and we'll be the same. Bigger ideas, obviously, and maybe a new house and a car, things we can't afford now . . . (eyeing Abaddon's steaming armpits), perhaps even a bath."

You never know.

SAMSON.



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MALE HEADBANGER (Bristol) into British and American metal would like to hear from a female rock fan, Bristol or anywhere (age unimportant) with view to writing, or meeting and concert going. Photo appreciated. Box No K98.

GLASGOW GUY seeks nice girlfriend 17+ for gigs/friendship. 041-772 4160.

FOOT LOVING GUY seeks girlfriend with lovable feet (London/anywhere). Box No K101.

BORED LONELY, male Gillan fan (19), needs lovin'. Wishes to meet similar female for gigs, etc. Southampton-Portsmouth area. Write to: Shane, 89 Mill Road, Fareham, Hants.

PENPALS

H.M. FAN, male, W London into Quo, Maiden, Scorpions, with bike seeks same for gigs, etc. Box No K96.

MALE 19, into Quo, Lizzy, Rainbow, AC/DC, Zep wants females from all over world. All letters answered. Box No K97.

FEMALE 22 into Ozzy, Motorhead, Quo, Rainbow, Riot, Saxon, Hawkwind, etc seeks penpals from anywhere. Box No K99.

20 YEAR OLD MALE rock fan would like to meet male/female rock fans for pubs and gigs. Box No K100.

CANADIAN CONCERT TYPE into heavy metal wants to crrespond with other collectors also looking for video. James Smith EP 304 Succ Brossard Que Canada J42 3N3.

GIRL 24 (lives in London) seeks friend into heavy metal/rock. Box No K102.

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VIRGIN STEELE, Kerrang No 18 and featured on US metal volume II has 42 minute cassette demo of soon to be released 1st LP send £4.00 (pounds) to: Jack Starr, 27 Abbott Drive, Huntington, New York 11743. The NWAHM is coming.

SPECIAL NOTICES

REUBEN HAPPY 21st Nov 12th. Lots of love.

ACCEPT HOW can we get 'Restless and Wild?'. Helden guitarists.

MARK HAPPY Birthday. Love you. JENN xxxxxx.

KAREN CRAWFORD. Best wishesmetallic wishes for a cosmic 21st birthday on 21st Nov. May positive vibes be with you always, my darling little lady. Lots of love and sex from Metal Micky. PS Not long till 6.30am. Sunday morning!

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EXCELLENT VOCALIST required by East London HR band. Preferably own transport, Dedication essential. Andy 981-3733.

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WARRIOR FREE Newsletter send SAE K Booth, 33 Malvern Court, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE15 8XE, England.

BERNIE TORME Electric Gypsies official fan club SAE, 10 Grove Road, Isleworth, Middx.

ANVIL FAN CLUB DETAILS SAE to Anvil Fan Club, PO Box 98 Station Z, Toronto Ont, Canada M5N 1AO.

SPIDER, GYPSY Fanwagon. For free newsletter issue 2 out now and details send SAE (Dept K), C/O RCA Records, Bedford Avenue, London WC1.

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PENPALS

This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long letters will go in the bin!

DARK BLONDE, long haired 'eadbanger would love to hear from other male 'eadbangers around the age of 14-16. Photo appreciated. I'm into Maiden, Motorhed AC/DC etc – **Gail Yeowell, Ellesmere, 3 Express Drive, Douglas, Isle Of Man.**

I'M A 16 year old female from Norway and I want to write to heavy rock fans from all over the world. I'm into AC/DC, Priest, Motorhead, etc. – **Jay Christin Walberg, 2256 Grue Finnskog, Norway.**

16 YEAR OLD Led Zeppelin, Scorps, Rush, Purple and Ozzy fan would like to hear from male/females into these groups – **David Ferwell, 43 Castle Grove, Clondellain Co Dublin, Ireland.**

JAPANESE female into Maiden, MSG, Tygers and other heavy bands would like to hear from male/females. – **Sanae Yonezawa, 1-33-1-1003, Minamirokugo, Ota-ku, Tokyo 144 Japan.**

THE HOUSE of metal needs you. We are three dedicated male headbangers into Mercyful Fate, Metallica, Culprit, Bodine, Anvil, Loudness etc. What we would like is to exchange info, live tapes, and personal views on all heavy metal groups. Anyone from Europe write to us: **The House Of Metal, 243A Melville Street, Rochester, NY 14609 USA c/o Cranker.**

FRENCH BOY 17 wants penpals who like Priest, Diamond Head, Accept, Y&T, etc – **Jud Yves 18 Rue Du Canal, Zillisheim, 68720, Illfurth, France.**

LET'S EXCHANGE some rock videos, I've got, AC/DC, Girlschool, Motorhead, Purple, Halen, Maiden, Kiss, Saga, Foreigner, Loaf, Lizzy, Queen, Zz Top, Saxon, Heart, Quo, Joan Jett, April Wine, Plasmatics and much more – **Erling Christensen, Hornemansgade 25, 2100 Copenhagen, Denmark.**

ITALIAN 22 year old wants penpal in UK for exercising his own English please speak simply at first – **Gianni Salvador, Via dei Martiri, 16/a 31035 Crocetta Del Montello (TV), Italia.**

16 YEAR OLD Irish headbanger looking for USA, Canadian or British headbangers into all HM – **David Welsh, 43 Castle Grove, Clondelkin, Co. Dublin, Ireland.**

HEY, Kerrang! readers in England, USA and anywhere else in Europe. I'm a 17 year old German rock fan into: all HM, Motorhead, AC/DC, Scorpions, MSG – **Klaus Waldschmidt, Sauerbruchstrasse 12, 4900 Herford, West Germany.**

15 YEAR OLD male rocker wants blonde beauty for correspondence into old Sabs, Ozzy, Rush, Gillan, Tygers, Zep, Asia, Yes, Hendrix. – **David Thelwell, 15 Earle House, New Ferry, Wirral, Merseyside.**

IS THERE any females into Rush, Led Zep, Ozzy, Sabbath, Spider, between 14 and 16, who would like to get in touch with me for exchanging letters, info, tapes and going to local gigs? If you live in the Cambridge area please send photo. – **David Goose, 9 Bowlem Close, Impington, Cambridge.**

I'M AN 18 year old headbanger (male) from Holland, into all heavy bands especially Motorhead and would like to exchange demo's, singles and news of all bands – **Edwin Van Savooyen, PO Box 42516, 3006 DA Rotterdam, Holland.**

I'M A crazy Geordie 18, into Tygers, Ozzy, MSG, AC/DC etc. Love to hear from 18+ females (pictures preferred), all letters answered. – **Paul Goldsborough, 28 Graham Ave, Whickham, Tyne & Wear NE16 4BE.**

DERBY male headbanger with extreme guts ache because of the local ra ra skirt trend needs female companionship, heavily into Floyd, early Sabbath, Purple, also like headbands and patchouli oil. So females 18-22 get pen to paper – **Steve, 53 Radford St, Alvaston, Derby DE2 8NT.**

I'M A 22 year old and looking for fans of Joan Jett, Cheap Trick, Girlschool & Motley Crue. Males 19-28 good looking with blond hair also females 19+ send photo's. – **Suzy, 16 Sherrill Lane, New Hartford, New York, 13413 USA.**

TWO HM addicts 22 and 21 into all HM especially Jaguar. Like to go bangin around through Europe by train. We'd like to visit all you Metallists out there. Interested, also into swapping tapes pics etc. – **Jaguar Johnny Kerkraderweg 100, 6416 CL or Nutty Nico Ruysdaelstraat 40, 6415 TZ, Heerlen Holland.**

I'M A 36 year old man and wish to correspond with penpals who love modern music. All letters answered. – **Simon Milkus, PO Box 313, 5U-270000 Odessa Centre, USSR.**

LONG haired French metal maniac (19) into Priest, Maiden, Accept, Motorhead, Holocaust, Raven, Venom, Riot, amongst others, needs demos and live tapes from everywhere. I hate AC/DC and AOR. – **Ludovic Delamare, 13 Rue du 8 Mai, 27690 Lery France.**

TWO genuine maniacs and long haired civilians, Rich (18) and Ozzy (17) on RAF base in Cyprus, returning to UK in '83 would like to hear from good looking wenches or OTT thunderock merchants from anywhere. If you can stand the volume, Sab/Ozzy, Purple, Snake fanatics write to **Rich and Ozzy, Central Registry, RAF Akrotiri, BFPO 57.**

FROM the darkest recesses of your toilet rim comes the 1% that Domestos can't kill. Yes! it's the dynamic duo Shepo and Woody (15/16). Into most HM/HR and have good sense of humour. Ladies (14-18) please apply. **81 Barkbeth Road, Huyton, Liverpool L36 3TU.**

I'M A 19 year old biker/headbanger who would like to write to other male metal merchants, preferably ones that live in London. No Wimps. Favourite bands: Ozzy Osbourne, Def Leppard and Heaven. Also collect HM videos VHS. **Peter Gray, 5 Fern St, Leura 2781, NSW, Australia.**

SWEDISH HM fanzine 'Feedback' seeks new promising British/American groups send demos, biog and photo to: **Johan Brannstrom, Husargrand 5, 175 30 Larfalla, Sweden.**

I AM 14 years old and love HM very much. I can write letters in English so write to: **Miyuki Tsuchiya (girl) 2-26-2 Miwa, Nagano City, Nagano pref. Japan.**

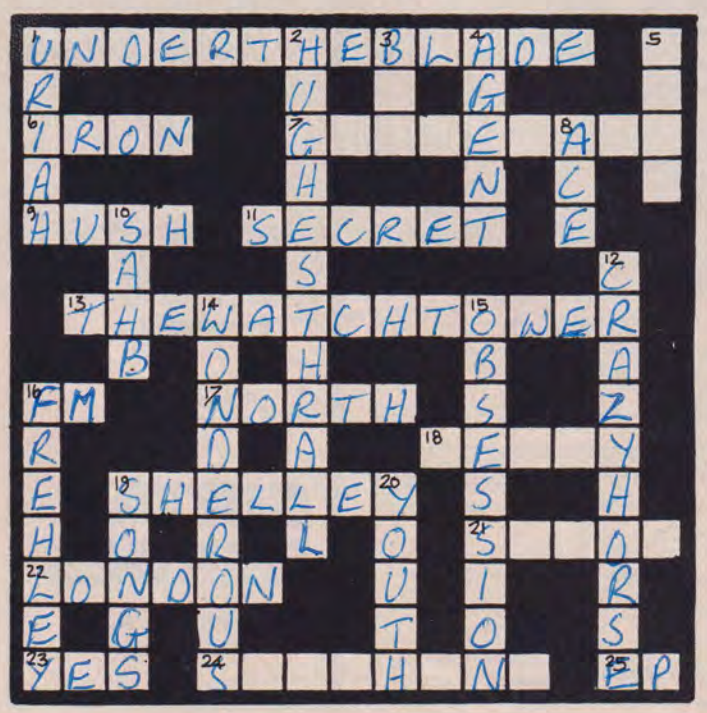
LONELY long haired American headbanger looking for any penpals. I'm into Motorhead, Loverboy, Saxon, Girlschool etc. – **Greg Prevost, 53 Fairway Road, Rochester, New York USA.**

SLIGHTLY OVERWEIGHT but suave 13 year old delinquent wants males/females fed up with life, the Universe and everything except BOC, Queen, Stones, Joan Jett, sword & sorcery/sci-fi. Must be reasonably intelligent and against posers and sensible people. Any age. – **Peter, 14 Hollins Lane, Marple Bridge, Stockport, Cheshire.**

"MY NAME means nothing, my fortune is less, my future is shrouded in dark wilderness, sunshine is far away, clouds linger on ..." Any one out there sitting in 'solitude' want to write to a 16-year-old female into Gillan, Salami pizza, Sabbath, Monty Python, Magnum? Ronnie Dio lookalikes appreciated but not necessary. – **Maria Bradbury 172 Lower Road, Hook Gate, Market Drayton, Salop.**

TO ALL HM streetfighters all over the world. 17 year old German headbangers need some help. We look for records from AllZ, Buffalo, Geddes Axe, Jaguar, Xero, Sledgehammer etc. – **Felix Schmidt/ Dieter Lehman, 1000 Berlin 47, Asbestweg 7, Germany.**

20 YEAR OLD HM fan from Japan into Snake, Scorps, Sabbath, Gillan etc. I'd like correspondence from male/females about my age. – **Mami Suzuki, 572-7 Matsuhidai, Matsudo City, Chiba prefecture 270 Japan.**



KERROSSWORD!

ACROSS

1 Twisted Sister sur le guillotine? (5.3.5)
6 Metal Maiden (4)
7 They've just sharpened their wits (6.3)
9 An unusually quiet opus from Purple (4)
11 Treaties from BOC (6)
13 Jimmy and Randy got all along this religious tract (3.10)
16 Was Rush's radio spirit on this wave length? (1.1)
17 David's wind (5)
18 April Wine's Mercer sounds just a little potty (5)
19 ...and Budgie's Burke sounds quiet poetic (7)
21 Kirke... but not Captain (5)
22 Where Purple are live (6)
23 Once a positive band (3)
24 A.K.A. E.C.? (8)
25 A maxi single by any other name (1.1)

DOWN

1 Dickensian for Mick
2 Band on a boulevard? (6.6)
3 Co for 21? (3)
4 One of Fortune for BOC (5)
5 Aerosmith's Kramer (4)
8 and 16. down. A love gunner (3.7)
10 Zal Cleminsonn was their featured guitarist (1.1.1.1)
12 Did Neil Young's band provide the inspiration for Tank? (5.5)
14 Stories for 23? (9)
15 A fixation with UFO (9)
16 see 8
19 They always remained the same for Zep (5)
20 Wasted one for Girl (5)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Under The Blade 6. Iron 7. Geddes Axe 9. Hush 11. Secret 13. The Watchtower 16. F.M. 17. North 18. Jerry 19. Shelley 21. Simon 22. London 23. Yes 24. Slowhand 25. E.P.

DOWN: 1. Uriah 2. Hughes Thrall 3. Bad 4. Agent 5. Joey 8. Ace 10. SAHB 12. Crazy Horse 14. Wonderous 15. Obsession 16. Frehley 19. Songs

SINGLES!

reviewed by GEOFF BANKS

VIOLATION: 'Meet Me At Midnight' (Violation).

Despite the fact that this band come from California their music boasts an unusual quantity of energy. Thankfully there seems to be an increasing number of American bands following the lead currently being set by the likes of Iron Maiden in the States, instead of opting for the usual turned-up surf music that's long masqueraded as heavy rock. 'MMAM' was probably chosen as the A-side because of it's catchy chorus but the flip 'Balls Out' would have been a better choice by virtue of it's searing riff and impressive solo. As long as there are bands in America willing to release records on their own labels and with little regard for 'normal' radio play there may still be hope.

COCKNEY REJECTS: 'Till The End Of The Day' (AKA).

Believe it or not, there's more to HM than doing beefed-up covers of Kinks songs. What works for Van Halen does not necessarily make a winning formula for all and, in fact, the B-side here 'Rock 'N' Roll Dreams' is so much better than the A that it makes me wonder what on earth possessed the band to lower themselves to such a cheap gimmick. 'Dreams' features a great chord sequence, some gritty/sleazy Tyleresque vocals and a melodic middle eight. Had it been the A-side it may well have been the best single of the bunch but the lads lapse in integrity has cost them dear.

pic by Saul Slattery

SPIDER: more hooks than a strip of Velcro

TWELFTH NIGHT: 'Eleanor Rigby' (REVO).

I am assured by a source close to the band that the fact this single has coincided with the Beatle's 20th anniversary is nothing more than a lucky fluke. Unlucky, I say, for were it not for the current resurgence of interest in the original this may well have been a surprise hit. Catchy, nice and safe, just what singles buyers thrive on. Having seen the band live I know that this doesn't do them justice. There are better ways of making a living than selling your soul.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: 'I've Been Your Fool'/'Gotta Go' (MCA).

Two previously unreleased tracks from the undisputed kings of Southern Boogie. Though not the greatest things the band have ever recorded they do at least sound like legitimate songs, not just old tapes dug up after the group's sad demise. 'I've Been Your Fool' is an up-tempo 12-bar honky tonk wit the ever-present Skynyrd wailing guitars, while 'Gotta Go' is a real oldie from way back in '69 and shows that the bands roots were set firmly in the Cream, hard rocking blues, mould. A must for all fans.

SPIDER: 'Talkin' 'bout Rock'N'Roll'. (RCA)

Of all the singles here this has undoubtedly the best chance of becoming a hit. Why? Because Spider know that a good single is one you can't stop singing whether you're in the bath or walking down the street. This has plenty of bounce, a catchy hook and simple lyrics that roll off the tongue.

STRATEGY: 'Technical Overflow' (Ebony).

Now this is a strange one, a HM guitar instrumental that's both well played and thought out but going by the name of the band and the song title I reckon they take themselves a bit too seriously and I thought that went out with ELP. Strictly for konnoisseurs.

SAVAGE: 'Aint No Fit Place' (Ebony).

As this record arrived with no info or photo all I can tell you is that it is a run of the mill HM track well played and not a lot else. As more and more bands flood the market one would at least hope for a bit of diversity. The riff is good but nearly as old as I am, what songs need is spark and fire not a re run of Black Sabbaths greatest licks.

CHATEAUX: 'Young Blood' (Ebony).

This is a BIT more like it. For anyone who remembers Lone Star this song echoes much of their first album but isn't quite in the same league. It starts well with a picked guitar passage then goes mental before returning to the 'moody' stuff again. The noisy bit in the middle drags on too long and the singer is something of a Bruce soundalike, but apart from that quite good.

KISS: 'Killer' (Phonogram).

As much as I dislike Kiss I have to admit that this is rather good. Opening with a Sabbath-type riff, it's heavier than anything the band have done since 'Destroyer' and could mark a change for the better. The middle section is nicked straight out of 'Communication Breakdown', but the song is still preferable to much of the old junk they've been turning out lately.

GOLDEN EARRING: 'Twilight Zone' (Phonogram).

Had any other single arrived the day after this issue's deadline it would just have had to wait until next time, but this is so bloody good it just had to be included to counterbalance the dross. The single factor that puts this record head and shoulders above the rest is it's sheer class. It's well produced and with a superb vocal and intense beat has you caught halfway between dancing and getting your head down. Golden Earring are back . . . Thank God.

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KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

AT LAST, here is the result of the poll I held in N. Ireland. Thanks to everybody who voted. – **Dave, Bangor, N. Ire.**

Best band: 1 Gillan, 2 AC/DC, 3 Rainbow, 4 Black Sabbath, 5 MSG, 6 Iron Maiden, 7 Whitesnake, 8 Rush, 9 Blackfoot, 10 Thin Lizzy.

Best guitarist: 1 Ritchie Blackmore, 2 Angus Young, 3 Michael Schenker, 4 Eddie Van Halen, 5 Fast Eddie Clarke, 6 Jimmy Page, 7 Tony Iommi, 8 Bernie Tormé, 9 Ricky Medlocke, 10 Randy Rhoads.

Best vocalist: 1 Ian Gillan, 2 Ozzy Osbourne, 3 Bon Scott, 4 Bruce Dickinson, 5 Ronnie James Dio, 6 Robert Plant, 7 David Coverdale, 8 Joe Lynn Turner, 9 Phil Collins, 10 Lemmy.

Best drummer: 1 Cozy Powell, 2 Phil Taylor, 3 Ian Paice, 4 Carl Palmer, 5 Neil Peart, 6 Phil Rudd, 7 Brian Downey, 8 Herman Rarebell, 9 John Bonham, 10 Nick Underwood.

ODE TO that Blackmore-loving berk (Letters *Kerrang!* No 26):

I read your letter with mounting mirth, and thought "What is this crap?"
So I've put pen to paper to launch an 'Assault Attack'.
Couldn't let your drivelling go unchecked, it had me laughing tears.
Put Schenker on your stereo nerd, and clean out your bunged-up ears.
Once did see a Rainbow gig,
Ritchie's fretwork was the lure,
Came away convinced the wimp's playing really would be 'Difficult to Cure'.
The toupéd one minced onto the stage, the self-indulgent jerk,
If you want to see a decent gig, see Schenker and watch his fingers really work.
Mike was in 'Guitar Heroes', voted No 1 OF ALL TIME,
Where, oh where was Lackmore? — trailing second in line!!
Michael's riffs and licks and melodies never will be beat,
Get along to MSG this year and give your ears a treat.
Baldy ponces around in stockings, it makes you want to heave,
There's nothing wrong with Blackhead, his only fault — he breathes!
I 'spose you think the Creep in Black the greatest thing around,
I KNOW the sun shines out of Schenker's arse, I've seen it on the ground!
And now you claim he walked on water, when he ran into the drink,
But I know different misguided one, his inflated ego stopped him sink.
In case you're still in any doubt, and your grey matter needs a prod,
I'm telling you this for nothing mush, MSG = Michael Schenker's God.
So I'll just say in finishing, a Flying V to you,
I KNOW that Schenker is the greatest player, but I wonder now — do you?

Heather Sharp, London

BY PRINTING a picture of Sweet as 'glam teen queens' and featuring a song such as 'Hellraiser' (a classic cut? hardly) you have done just what I, and I speak for others too, did not want. I am trying to tell people that this band have been playing HM since before 1970 – listen to 'The Juicer' an old Pharlophone B side – and that the 1972-4 glam period was a regretable part of their history in both the fans and the band's eyes. It should be completely forgotten, not highlighted in a magazine with the HM readership *Kerrang!* enjoys. Perhaps as retribution, you could print a photo of them on tour last year or, failing this, feature Brian Connolly who may have his first solo album out soon. – **Andy N. Bristol.**

SWEET: our pic outraged their fans

JUST A few words to Bruce Dickinson about his attitude towards America, which by the way sucks. Don't take it out on the fans, it's not our fault that Maiden can't cop any airplay in the US. Screw the establishment, we're buying the records anyway. When you spend your whole life in the States you become aware of the corruption that's going down all over the place, so why shouldn't our radio airwaves stink also.

What is a fact is that the real bucks are to be made here and your band as well as everybody else knows it and that's why you're over here otherwise you'd blow us off altogether. What you don't seem to realise is that there are plenty of people such as myself that are dedicated to Heavy Metal and, yes, we can relate if given the chance, but if you don't think you can communicate with us then you'll never find out what we're really about. Also I'd like to assure you that the guy that blew up your guitar technician at the Palladium show received a just reward for his actions. – **Richie Mansarro, New York, New York, USA.**

I FELT I had to put pen to paper. That thing called Lee Aaron in the centre pages (issue 27) is a bit much. I thought we'd seen the last of this cheap smut with the Priest/Maiden thing a few months back. It's not good enough. I echo the thoughts of Tim in last week's issue. Why not do an article on some of the Christian Metal that's going around. I obtained a copy of the 100% Proof album and even if you're not into Christian attitudes the music sure can give you a good neckache. – **Rikki Nadir.**

PLEASE, PLEASE, print a full colour centre-spread of Nazrul Naz, cos I'm fed up with just silly little black and white photos of our favourite sex symbol. I also think he should have a fan club. The No. 1 Nazrul Naz and Sean Harris fan. – **Julie Brunt, Edenbridge, Kent.**

CALLING ALL readers (especially Sabbath's old and new fans), take notice of this letter please. Being an *extreme* Sabbath fan I decided to conduct a Sabbath poll. (I got the idea from someone who wrote in asking for a Quo poll). I have already started it and so far I've received seven or eight people's top 10, but I would REALLY like you lot out there to vote — old Sabbath, new Sabbath, it doesn't matter as long as you write down your top 10 tracks, top five albums AND the person whom you like most from Sabs. I'll send the results to *Kerrang!* From a person who loves Sabbath and would like everyone to vote. — **Shahid Haq, 40 Leeside, Barnet, Herts.**
PS When you send your votes please write B/S on the top left of the envelope/postcard.
PPS After 8 votes War Pigs is in the lead (Honest!!)

HEAVY METAL

You can pick up important clues to your kids' tastes by monitoring their sometimes startling changes in appearance. Take young Reginald, for example. If he wears a blue denim jacket covered in patches bearing the insignia of such groups as AC/DC, Whitesnake, the Gillan Band and Rainbow, sports long hair and has a tendency to bang his head against the loudspeakers in his bedroom, then you can be safe in assuming he is a devoted fan of Heavy Metal.

Now this is a movement that Dad might recognise and comprehend. Under its banner are bands who developed out of the rock music tradition, with roots in the '60s. It involves the maximum volume, screaming lead singers, howling guitars, extra-long hair, tight pants, macho posing, black leather and studs, so it's reasonably easy to spot a Heavy Metal fan. They show excessive loyalty and greater resistance to change, but they will accept new groups if they sound authentic and can match the older ones for power and speed. Thus NWOHM – new wave of heavy metal – which by last year included Saxon, Iron Maiden, Vardis and Def Leppard.

Fans of heavy metal are prone to spending long hours in the pouring rain throwing beer cans at each other at remote outdoor festivals. Here, **Reginald runs the risk of being deafened, run over by Hell's Angels on motorbikes, while drinking Newcastle Brown Ale in his sleeping bag.** If you have a metal freak in the family, help press on his patches and tactfully refrain from washing his jeans if you want to develop a tension-free relationship.

This is a cutting from some mag which my mates mum showed us. From two frustrated fans, Leicester. PS more Alice Cooper.

GOOD ON yer *Kerrang!* Yours truly was as happy as the proverbial pig in shit to see Genesis getting coverage from your excellent publication (issue 26).

A lot of hard-core rock people do not, of course, really identify with Genesis — basically because appearances are deceptive. The average headbanger would feel as though he was lost on Ursa-Major at, say, a Human League gig (lots of weird little creatures with oddly shaped heads and funny clothes, etc) but watching Genesis is, in comparison, nothing more than a toddle up the road, take it from me.

Yes, Genesis are often quiet, but so are Black Sabbath (occasionally). Anyone who knows the band's material will know that even the quietest Genesis tracks can rear-up and slug you in the face. It's called, as all sensible people (like those at *Kerrang!*) know, 'progressive rock' — it sure ain't funk, soul, reggae, new-wave or any other such balls.

Want to know a rock keyboard 'Wizard'? OK, there's your Emersons, your Lords, and your Wakemans — but, for me, Tony Banks is the king and should have received far more recognition than he has. But Genesis have always been different, and have suffered for it (from all quarters, I should add).

Want to hear a good rock album? Not a classic, nothing earth shattering, but a goodie all the same — then give Mike Rutherford's 'Acting Very Strange' a spin.

Phil Collins, of course, is God — simple as that. One day someone will write a mega-volume which might adequately catalogue his superhuman qualities. **One of the vast hordes who have found revelation in Genesis.**

I'D LIKE to congratulate you on your excellent magazine. I really envy people in England, they can go and see all the great bands you write about whereas in Australia heaby rock/Metal is really put down by the media. I'm enclosing a slide that I think readers of Kerrange! would be interested in. As you can probably make out I'm a Rose Tattoo, AC/DC fanatic and have been a staunch supporter of both these bands from the moment I first heard them. Another Aussie band to watch out for, by the way, is Heaven, they really rock 'n' roll.

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HELLION

LOS ANGELES hasnt really got behind HM yet to any discernible degree, with the Motley Crue hype owing more to marketing and image than their (rather negligible) music. Don Dokken's thunderous class is making an impression in Europe, but back home he still doesn't have a deal, which speaks volumes for the perception of the local media.

On the underground level, however, a major success seems to be building in the form of Hellion, a colourful yet savage HM outfit fronted by the raw-throated power of a lady called Ann Boleyn (yes, and I'm Henry VIII's mother!), who's already been enthusiastically acclaimed in the local press as a female Bon Scott. They cite influences from the likes of Purple, Zeppelin and Sabbath, and Ann's vicious assaults on one of the few hot-rodded Hammonds still on the road also brings Heep very much to mind – and surprise, surprise a lethal version of 'July Morning' apparently surfaces in their live show.

Together for only a few months, they've been holding party-type gigs out of doors at the band's haunted home, the locally infamous 'Annie Ville Horror House', but the rapidly escalating size and enthusiasm of their audiences eventually led to a riot when the police tried to stop the show, and it's doubtless less than coincidence that the place is now being demolished.

Most LA bands tend to stay rooted in LA, but Hellion have done relatively little in their home town, playing few club dates – an imposter Hellion played The Whisky but were forcibly removed by the management when the conned crowd began to look just a little too angry – and are already in the course of their 'West Coast Stumble Number One', taking them through 10 states in as many weeks, the band now being assisted by an astute booking agency.

Their only recorded output to date is a limited edition cassette recorded at the House on four-track and, despite the limited facilities, it's an absolute blaster. Drummer Sean Kelly and bassist Peyton Tuthill combine to craftily avoid all the standard clichés, conjuring up a rippling backbone for the colourful guitar work of the very excellent Ray Schenk, with Ann Boleyn squeezing out sparks of intensity up front. HM's nothing new but Hellion do succeed in showing it in a slightly different light, and the following they've earned in their short life together suggests that they're around to stay.

"Our goal is to perform in Europe eventually," they say; anyone wishing to offer encouragement should be able to contact Hellion via PO Box 67D05, Century Ciy, CA90067, USA. **PAUL SUTER**

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DAGA BAND

IF MARILLION are the new Genesis and Pallas the modern Yes, then Chesterfield trio The Daga Band are definitely the 80's successors to The Nice.

With their keyboard-orientated style, Grey Boynton (keyboards), Steve Fidler (twin-necked bass) and Phil Boynton (drums/vocals) are to my ears the most exciting so-called progressive act on the current scene – and that includes Marillion. Like the late, lamented Nice, Daga deliver high-grade pomp rock with an acute sense of the exaggerated and the ridiculous.

"I suppose we do have a lot in common with The Nice," admits Greg Boynton, "though our music is influenced both by Keith Emerson & Co, and others like Patrick Moraz and Jacques Loussier. What we try to do is present well-constructed songs that still retain the fun element. We enjoy what we do – and we want everyone to know it!"

Formed way back in 1976, the band built up a strong following before tragedy struck some three years later. On the verge of signing a major record deal, they were involved in a severe van crash which put two members into hospital and wrote off much of the gear. Determined not to let fate bury them, however, the lads struggled back from the abyss with fledgling keyboards wizard Boynton (classically trained, incidentally) even taking a job with a cabaret act to make enough money to put Daga back on its feet. "We had so much buzz from fans and the record companies that we HAD to carry on," he says.

The trio's reward for sticking to their guns came last May when they supported Budgie on the latter's UK tour – and by all accounts blew 'em off almost everywhere! So, the Daga Band-wagon is now rolling again. A single, featuring a tremendous version of The Who's 'I Can See For Miles' is due out soon on a major label, followed hopefully by a full-blown British tour. And if original material such as the instrumental 'Reds Under The Bed' plus the sophisticatedly aggressive 'Second Time Around' are anything to go by, then the spirit of EmerList DavJack is in good hands!

For further information, contact Wayne Garnet, 112 Wannington Rd, Southport, Lancs.

THE GODZ RISE AGAIN

THE GODZ (l-r): Geno Harrison, Eric Moore, Glen Cataline, Buddy Toth.

PETER MOORE talks to Eric Moore, mainman of the re-formed Godz

IF Motorhead are the British bikers' band then the US equivalent must be the Godz. Formed back in 1975, the band recorded two albums towards the latter part of the 70's, their excellent debut containing a collection of scorching red hot metallic masterpieces such as 'Under The Table', 'Cross Country' and 'Candy's Gone Bad' (a blockbusting version of the Golden Earring number that left the original stone cold).

It also included one of the most overblown tracks of all time, 'Gota Keep A Runnin'', a number incorporating a farcical rap by singer/bassist Eric Moore. *"The Godz are rock and roll machines,"* he chanted, *"some day there will be thousands of Godz, thousands of machines"*. Unfortunately that never happened. You see their second record, 'Nothing Is Sacred', was just plain awful, about as exciting as tea with the local vicar. Only two numbers 'Luv Cage' and '714' showed traces of its fine predecessor, leading to the loss of their record contract and the eventual demise of the band.

But how is all this relevant in 1982 I hear you ask? The same question was on my mind as the band took the stage as openers for .38 Special out in Ohio. "Well, we are back f—kers," pronounces Eric Moore, as they plunged into the first number of the evening, 'Go Away' from their debut album. The crowd goes apeshit. Fine renditions are performed of this and several other oldies like 'Guaranteed', '714', and of course 'Gotta Keep A Runnin'', which sees Moore standing centre stage waving his arms impersonating a machine – you've just got to laugh! Of the new material 'Your Turn To Cry' is typical Godz rock 'n' roll, while 'Evil People' and 'Shake It' come across in more metallic form. Another new cut 'We're All Crazy' is a crowd participation sing-along affair and wraps up the evening show.

Prior to this gig the band had performed only once since their reformation at the Indiana Jam where by all accounts they took headliners Savoy Brown to the cleaners, but already the radio has been rediscovering their songs. A strange phenomenon as the US airwaves are usually reserved for the more restrained sounds of REO Speedwagon and the like and not the thunderous tones of HM.

"Things are definitely going well," proclaims vocalist Eric Moore, who along with original drummer Glen Cataline (friends since childhood) decided to reform the band 11 months ago. Buddy Toth and Geno Harrison, 19, have been drafted in to replace guitarists Mark Chatfield and Bob Hill.

SO what went wrong with the second LP? Moore explains:

"The mistake was that I tried to produce the record myself. You can't be objective about yourself you have to have outside advice like a coach."

What made you decide to reform the band after three years?

"Well, after the split I went out as a solo artist and played little hillbilly bars and did my thing with the biker hillbilly's for awhile. Then I got together with Glen and we felt we had some good ideas so we decided to reform the band. We even worked together while I was in jail."

So this was the reason for Moore's newly cropped barnet. . . .

"It was my sixteenth offence. I'd evaded fifteen previous charges then the sixteenth came along and I said: 'uh, oh'. We fought an appeal and I got out. I had a great time."

The 'Godz' gained quite a bit of attention in England when first formed. One journalist commented that, live, they made Ted Nugent look like Andy Williams, so will the band come across to the UK this time around as a lot of American hard rock acts like Twisted Sister, The Rods and Y & T have been travelling over to gain recognition in the UK first?

"When a band is beginning, and in a lot of ways we are (the new outfit is only a few months old), it means going to the UK without major product so all you're doing is a marketing analysis. I've always wanted to tour Britain though because of personal reasons. I love to listen to the Stones and the Who, though the Beatles didn't do that much for me. Quite honestly, in view of the state of the economy here and especially the UK we've got to be thinking of Japan first."

Has the Godz music changed since the band's incarnation, or are you still basically a hard rock outfit?

"Well, I don't put prefixes on music – we're just basic rock 'n' roll. And as for special effects, I had mine issued at birth! As individual musicians we are very average, but as a team we perform the best in rock. I mean the Rolling Stones suck! Close your eyes and you say: 'God, the stereo's broke, but they are The Rolling Stones."

Will you continue opening for major acts around the country for the time being?

"Yes, but it's a difficult task to undertake. If you're too good to be an opening act but you don't have a hit record you're stuck in the middle and lost. No one will take you out on tour with them, they're afraid you'll blow them off, and you can't headline your own tour because you have no product that people can identify with. It's a thin line you have to walk."

After catching the Godz at a further two shows one of which was the half-famous Cleveland Agora Coffee Break concert (that's the gig that goes out on live radio and begins at 11:00 in the morning), I can confirm that the fantasy/dumb rock 'n' roll machine has returned.

Can the band become a major success second time around?

"A man's gotta survive," states Moore. "Before you even think about being a winner you've gotta survive. This is my nineteenth year in the business, so I damned well hope so!"

DEATH OR GLORY

DAVE DICKSON listens to the excess of Hanoi Rocks

HANOI ROCKS are a band living close to the edge. They strike a deft yet uneasy balance between rock 'n' roll 'stars' and rock 'n' roll 'casualties'. Sweets from a stranger. They bring to this often lethargic and turgid business an open and refreshing frankness, a philosophy much along the lines of the young delinquent in 'Knock On Any Door' who told Humphrey Bogart his aim in life was to: "live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse." Tomorrow never comes in their world, there is only today.

And on this particular today the city is grey and lifeless, the air stringing with drizzle as I trudge through the dank streets of London to meet the 'Muddy Twins'; our second encounter (the first you may remember from *Kerrang!* 20) proves anything but brief.

For those yet to cross paths with Hanoi Rocks, let me fill in a few details. They come out of Scandinavia and do all the things Abba have attempted to persuade the world Scandinavians don't; they consume copious quantities of alcohol, drugs are not uncommon and make-up is liberal, but not unsubtle, standard equipment. They also play some of the finest rock 'n' roll you're likely to hear and live

pic by Justin Thomas

are an experience as thrilling and unique as the Rolling Stones, though they won't thank me for the comparison. Motley Crue are another band who've been mentioned in the same breath, but 'pathetic' is the only word to describe anyone foolish enough to want to carry the argument further. Hanoi Rocks live for rock 'n' roll, and, I dare say, they'll die for it too. Motley Crue on the other hand, live for the cover of Cream or Billboard; emotion and intensity are probably words they can't even spell.

"But aren't Hanoi Rocks difficult to interview?" I was asked. Not really. Guitarist Andy McCoy and vocalist, saxophonist, harmonica-wielder Mike Monroe speak English in exactly the same way I don't speak Finnish or Swedish; i.e. fluently.

The evening turns out to be a long, protracted affair – ideas are swopped, musical likes and dislikes discussed, a mutual admiration for Alice Cooper and the New York Dolls explored at length until, at 3.30am, we find ourselves ejected from the flat we've been occupying (noisily) and having to make our way to the band's residence in Tooting, a dingy little hovel where I'm subjected to a live Hanoi tape they plan to release as a limited edition bootleg. 'Breath-taking' was a word that cropped up in my mental notes at this point.

But enough of this. Since we last met drummer Gyp Casino had parted company with the troupe. Explanations, I demanded, the whole, grisly truth;

Andy: "Well, he got f— up in the end. In fact, his nerves got so messed up he would actually leave the stage in the middle of a set, and once he jumped on me . . . – that was too much. We didn't want to sack him but the band would have split up otherwise."

Didn't this sudden redundancy have a shattering effect on his life though?

Andy: "No, he's going to a psychiatrist once a week now, his bloody brain was spooked!"

So Hanoi Rocks continue unabated with ex-Dark drummer and Isle-of-Wight-exile, Razzle ("a loud-mouth!" And the Dark? – "Useless!"), looking set to break young Nipponese hearts when they tour Japan for the first time in January.

Andy: "Six gigs for 45,000 dollars, sounds good, yeah?

Not bad at all, actually, but what are they going to do with all that money?

Andy: "I'm gonna buy me a red Ferrari."

Mike: "Me too."

Andy: "And then a real fur jacket, leopard skin or something like that, no bullshit. (Neither of them, as far as I'm aware, can drive. Still, minor complications. . . .)

No thoughts of giving mummy and daddy a treat then?

Mike: "No, they're just a pain in the arse."

Andy: "I've got no use for them. I'm gonna buy coke! When we're rich we won't buy coke by the gram, we'll buy it in kilos!"

The very thought is mind-boggling.

Another incident that occurred was their having support slots blown out with Joan Jett and Twisted Sister.

Andy: "Joan Jett's manager saw the video (three Hanoi numbers on film) and they wouldn't take us. We offered £15,000 more than any other band but they wouldn't take us because they knew we'd play her off-stage every night."

And TS?

Andy: "Yeah, I think their manager saw the same video or something."

Mike: "No, it was that article that said we were playing glam-rock and they didn't want to be classed as glam."

Andy: "They still put on bloody make-up! I've seen the photos; awful!"

Mike: "Horrible, what an excuse!"

Andy: "Twisted Sister are just tasteless onstage. I heard that a New York journalist said he couldn't understand what all the fuss was about because they could't get any gigs except in the gay clubs in New York. We'll play everywhere and anywhere."

Hanoi have a new album out on Johanna Records called 'Self Destruction Blues', which is actually a compilation (or "complication" as Andy insisted on calling it) or singles, B-sides and various studio out-takes. There are some devastating tracks, notably 'Taxi Driver', 'Love's An Injection' (top of the Scandinavian charts for two weeks – they didn't understand the lyrics), and the stunning 'Whispers In The Dark'. And what about 'Café Avenue'?

Mike: "The Café Avenue was a place in Stockholm where we used to hang out. It was a gay club."

Andy: "It's all about me. I couldn't get a job the way I looked in those days, so what could I do but hang around there and sell dope and fix fags? It was just what I had to do to survive."

And 'Dead By Christmas'?

Andy: "It was just a laugh. We did it while we were speeding like hell. We found this bag that Seppo (Hanoi's manager) had hidden with 20 grams of speed in it. And then Nasty (Suicide, rhythm guitarist) got the blame for it."

Mike: "Yeah, when Seppo came in Nasty had the bag in his hand."

Andy: "Me and Mike had consumed about six grams of it and it was excellent. The speed in Scandinavia is much better than here, twice, three times as strong."

But don't you ever worry about drugs?

Andy: "No, why the hell should we?"

Mike: "It's like that thing Dave Lee Roth said about drugs: 'I used to have a drugs problem but now I have enough money!'"

Andy: "In Sweden everyone is sniffing glue. In Stockholm spirits are so expensive and yet parents and politicians are wondering where this drug problem comes from. They don't realise it's because drugs are cheaper than alcohol."

And to close, some bits 'n' pieces for you to mull over.

Alice Cooper:

Mike: "From 'Love It To Death' to 'Muscle Of Love', all those five albums are brilliant!"

Andy: "Musically we're a lot like early Alice Cooper or MC5.'

New york Dolls/Hollywood Brats/Kiss:

Andy: "Yeah, we're a mixture of the first two, and a bit of early Kiss."

Mike: "That's right Casino Steele (the Brat's vocalist/songwriter) went on to form The Boys and now he's in a group with Gary Holton from the Heavy Metal Kids. But the first four Kiss albums and one or two of the later songs like 'Detroit Rock City' are great."

Marc Bolan:

Andy: "At one time he was just the best looking geezer about. And I used to love Ian Hunter too. When I was a kid I used to think they were the same person!"

Aerosmith:

Andy: "That's another heavy rock band I really like. Listen to the first two albums, they sound a lot like Hanoi Rocks. It's rock 'n' roll!"

Saxon/Iron Maiden:

Andy: "I listened to two Saxon albums and I couldn't get anything out of them, you know. You have to be able to get some emotion or something from a piece of music."

Mike: "There was a festival in Sweden that we headlined and they came on before us and were really bad. Iron Maiden are brilliant in comparison."

Andy: "I saw Iron Maiden back then and I thought 'what a crappy band', but after I saw Saxon I realised that Iron Maiden must be a really good Heavy Metal band. Saxon couldn't even play."

Mike: "They're real morons."

And there, I think, we should leave it.

To put a little perspective on the situation, look at it this way: rock 'n' roll is alive and kicking in 1982 and it's called Hanoi Rocks. Quite how long they'll remain on the 'safe' side of the line that leads to rock 'n' roll glory, I don't know. But I'd be willing to risk it with them . . . how 'bout you?

pic by Steve Callaghan

IN A RAGE

CHRIS WELCH controls their temper and gives them advice

RAGE TRY hard to keep their tempers. Even when critics call them 'tired old men' they grin and brush it off with a flurry of Scouse jokes and flagons of foaming ale.

For this band have come up the hard way, and are not going to be stonewalled by Southern apathy. If the reviews are unkind, then they can always find solace in the response of discerning audiences. For Rage certainly aren't tired of heavy rock and their fans can recognise the quality as well as the drive they bring to their music.

They have an authorative singer in Dave Lloyd, whose sense of humour matches his vocal style – sharp and direct, and behind him there's the slick, hard hitting team of Terry Steers and Mick Devonport (guitars), Keith Mulholland (bass) and John Mylett (drums). They're all in their twenties so, unless you're seven years old, they cannot really be rejected as ancient.

When I saw them gig recently, I was impressed by their ability to create excitement with interesting songs without resorting to total overkill in the volume department. And their albums, 'Out Of Control' and 'Nice 'N' Dirty', confirm their musicianship. John Mylett, for example, is an outstanding drummer and there've been various attempts to poach him. In fact, if the band have a problem it's probably that they're *too* skilled, a shade *too* smooth to gain an image as Metal maniacs or cast iron conquerors. And in terms of fashion, trends and all the rest, that leaves Rage in limbo along with many another excellent band.

pic by George Bodnar

But let us explore limbo – according to my dictionary it means: *'a West Indian dance in which dancers pass, while leaning backwards, under a bar!* Or it could also mean: *'the supposed abode of infants dying without baptism.'* What I had in mind, however, was: *'an imaginary place for lost, forgotten, or unwanted persons'.* And it would indeed be a shame if Rage were lost through the forces of neglect. They've already had one bash at the rock scene in the guise of Nutz during the Seventies, finally entering hell and suffering damnation for three years as a result of 'management and contractual hassles'.

They survived only by scattering about the world, writing jingles and doing anything to stay alive. Eventually they got together again in 1980, flew into a Rage and added young Steers before the release of the second LP. Since then they've won high honours on the gig circuit, bu wouldn't claim to have sold albums by the container load.

"The last one did okay, but that's all," said Dave philosphically when I met him and John at their London record company office. "Apparently records just aren't selling much at the moment and we're a road band really. That's all we did when we were Nutz – gig all the time. Then we left A&M Records and had to start off all over again, doing loads of demos. It took us two years to get a new deal – didn't it?"

Did it? – I had no idea, but I wasn't really surprised. Life can be tough on the road. It isn't all beans on toast and sleeping in vans. Dave recalled the critical brickbat they suffered recently: "Somebody called us tired old men at the Marquee the other night, but Terry is just 22. The guy who said it obviously hates us."

When the band revamped, did they change their musical policy to suit the changing times?

John: "We didn't change, we just took control of the way we wanted to go. We've always been a heavy, hard-hitting band, though not like Motorhead. One reviewer said we 'don't break sweat', but our music has a pulse to it, it isn't just a heads down charge."

THE boys revealed they had endured some criticism not only for their musical output, but also for the cover photograph of 'Nice 'N' Dirty' which showed two attractive girls in leather, one fondling the other's soft, fleshy milk-secreting gland on the chest. Overtly chummy perhaps, but nothing too daring. This was not an opinion shared by all commentators however.

Said Dave, who seemed in the mood for answering his critics: "We got a lot of flak for the cover, but it's only a bit of fun. We thought it was great. It wasn't anything malicious or sexist. The girl is a good friend of ours."

undoubtedly what Rage need is a bit of good luck and some encouragement if they aren't to become totally paranoid and disillusioned. They are currently pinning their hopes on the next single 'Blame It On The Night', also included on the 'Nice 'N' Dirty' album, for which some 17 tracks were recorded overall.

"Nine of them got kicked out though," said Dave, wincing slightly at the memory." There were two additions made, which was something of a bone of contention. Carrere suggested these two songs – except that it wasn't just a suggestion. But we went for them because they *do* sound single-ish. One, in fact, has already come out and done the usual trick of heavy rock singles – disappeared. While the other, 'Blame It On The Night', was originally by a band called Fandango and unfortunately went on an album by Alcatrazz. I've heart their version, and it's . . . shite! Rage do it better. The trouble is Radio One djs don't play records by heavy rock bands, do they? Only Tommy Vance and Alan Freeman support our kind of group. But day time play? Impossible. Too abrasive for the producers' ears. Foreigner put out 'Juke Box Hero' which is amazing – and it does nothing. Then they release 'Waiting For A Girl Like You', which is obviously something you can play on the radio, and it's a hit."

Rage are so concerned about the state of British radio they wrote a song, 'American Radio Stations', in tribute to the service across the water.

"We wrote that because in America you've got every station you want," said Dave. "If you want to listen to country, soul, rock or jazz all day, you can. Whereas in Britain you have to wade through all the jingles and the phone-ins. There are pirate stations here, like Radio Jackie North in Liverpool where the guy does all rock music over the weekend, but he works from council flats and has to keep

moving before he's tracked down!"

Liverpool, as the birthplace of The Beatles, has always felt the need to keep the flag flying for 'live' rock bands and now John and Keith have opened their own club there called *Night Riders*.

"It's to cater for up and coming rock bands who can't find anyplace to gig – like us! It's in Wood Street if anybody wants to come up and play there. We want to make a few bob if we can but we also want to make it the sort of place WE'D like to go to, where you can fall over without anybody taking any notice," said John.

"There are hundreds of new bands in Liverpool and the latest trend seems to be towards psychedelic music. They are going back tolight shows and bells and beads."

"But there are probably more bands playing it than there are fans into it," muttered Dave darkly. I gather he was not impressed. So how much work do Rage do when they aren't helping the needy?

"As much as we can," said Dave. "We did five gigs last week, hence my croaky voice. We wanted to tour with Wishbone Ash, but apparently they wanted a lot of money, which I couldn't believe from a band that hasn't played England for so long."

THIS is the old 'pay to play' syndrome, the curse of the music business.

"We toured with Uriah Heep and they didn't want any money. We just did it, which is the way I think bands should work. The headliners have got to hire a PA and lights anyway, so if they don't have a support it's going to cost the same. I disagree with the whole system. If any band plays with us, they don't have to pay. The whole thing stinks, but it's nothing to do with the bands. It's the managements. In 1977 Black Sabbath charged us £3,000 for 10 gigs. But when we spoke to the band they didn't know anything about it. There's a lot of it going on." Dave claimed that a band could be charged anything up to £5,000 today, to tour supporting a top-line act, the argument being they were taking advantage of the promotional possibilities of playing to large audiences. How on earth do Rage survive financially in such a cut-throat business?

"We all do different things to scrape by," said John. "Dave does TV jingles, I do a lot of local radio jingles. But the band comes first whatever happens. I'll blow out a £200 session if the band has a gig, even it it's losing money. I'll turn up – looking pale and white. I remember once arriving at a gig two minutes before I was due on stage. A little bit of brinkmanship there."

What do Rage think of their competitors among the established Heavy Metal heroes? Their comments are not exactly favourable.

"Crap," says Dave.

"In a whole year I've only seen three decent bands," vowed John.

"Some bands look great," added Dave. "They really, really look the part, don't they? They look like they should be screwing ***** ******* (famous movie actress). If they play as good as they look, they should be great. But they're shit. Heavy Metal is good music, but there is some rubbish being touted too.

"We want to carry on the heavy rock tradition. No rubbish. The kids don't want rubbish and they don't like all these guys posing with long hair and satin clothes.'

A bit of wishful thinking on Dave's part, I feat. If Rage truly want to be successful I would advise a quick visit to the nearest theatrical costumier to order a job lot of tight satin pants and extra long 'Easy-Fit' wigs.

They might laugh, but bands have taken my advice and profited. For example, I once told The Who to drop 'My Generation' from their act and, 10 years later, they did. And they haven't done too badly for themselves.

"But," insisted Dave, "I can't be bothered with all that. We'll make it – with our music."

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You got something I need
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Hear my words and take heed

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To my father a son
I was raised by the demons
Trained to reign as the one

God of thunder
And rock and roll
The spell you're under
Will slowly
Rob you of your virgin soul

I am the Lord of the wasteland
A modern day man of steel
I gather darkness to please me
And I command you to kneel before the

Chorus

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